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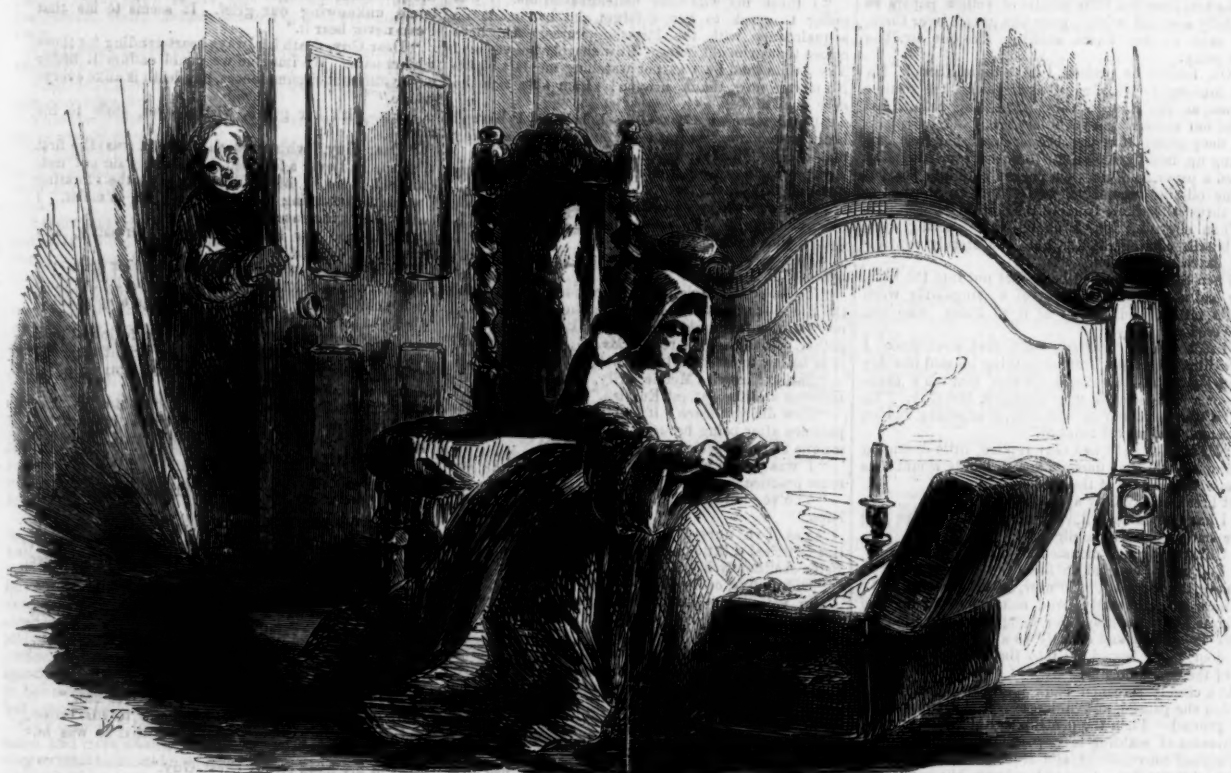
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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[PETER ON THE WATCH.]

## THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF THE RHINE.

### CHAPTER IX.

"THINGS have come to a pretty pass!" growled Peter the next morning, as he paced outside the house, getting the fresh air, while Guy relieved the nurse, and his wife took his place in the ante-room, "turning off Sir Morton's old servants from tending him, and bringing in this queer, upstart old woman. Master Guy will rue the day, I can tell him. She's an impostor, if I know anything. Didn't I see her last night, when she thought I was sound asleep, didn't I see her, with my two eyes, turning over master's clothes, and searching every single pocket? It's a thief she is, as sure as my name's Peter. She'll find out all there is to be stolen, and then she'll be off with it."

"I won't warn Mr. Guy. If so be he can't trust old Peter, I'll let him see how young folks can be cheated. I'll watch her as sharp as a cat does a mouse, and I'll catch her in the act. Then we'll see what they'll say. There's that beautiful watch and the big seal, and the diamond breast pin, and the shield ring. She can get them all together. I hope she will, and then I'll pounce upon her. Maybe they'll give poor old Peter some credit then. I've no doubt the pocket-book is there too—it's just like Mr. Guy's carelessness. As if these outlandish bodies could be trusted anyhow. He'll find out before long, I reckon."

"Oh lor! how thankful I shall be to see old England again! I've had enough of travelling. It's been a mist ever since we started; first one sick and then the other. Talk about it's being healthy! England's the only place where they don't have accidents, and blow-ups, and fevers. And then the things we have to put up with. These foreign doctors is bad enough, but when it comes to nurses too, it's just my idea that it's downright imposition."

And having thus relieved the vexation which had

been working all night, Peter went back to his station and took his seat in grim silence, where, through a wide crack in the door, he could command a very good view of the movements within the sickroom.

Honest Peter was not mistaken in his ideas regarding the lawless investigations of the new nurse. She had, indeed, closely examined the contents of the pockets in all Sir Morton's clothing, taking advantage of the deep stupor which alternated with his wild paroxysms. The next night, to his increased horror, Peter's wide-awake eyes detected her unlocking the portmanteau, which she brought noiselessly from the wardrobe. The worthy servant could scarcely refrain from springing forward and snatching it away from the sacrilegious fingers, as he christened them, without any definite idea of the exact meaning of the term.

Then he remembered he had her safe, since his vigilant guard barred her way to escape, and he wanted her to proceed to the utmost length ere he pounced upon her and triumphantly exposed to Master Guy the danger he had risked, as well as the great slight he had put upon a faithful old servant.

While these thoughts flitted through Peter's head, his eyelids, instead of being, like all others in the silent mansion excepting the strange nurse's, heavy with sleep, stared vigilantly forward; the woman Mercie, on her knees before the open portmanteau, was examining everything thoroughly.

Peter's eyes nearly protruded from their sockets as the light of the candle she had placed on the floor, shaded from the sleeper's face by the footboard of the bed, and shining over the stooping figure, showed him his master's huge pocket-book turned swiftly over. What was she doing? counting the money? No; for she left the bank-notes in their neat pile, and nimbly and noiselessly gathered all the papers in her hand, and then laid down the book unheeded.

Now Peter made another discovery. The blue glasses were a cheat, a disguise. She had put them away, and was seeking eagerly, and with perfect ease, for those glittering black eyes darted from line to line over every paper there. Peter was puzzled, till a bright idea came into his mind.

"Ah, she does not touch the money—she is a sharp one—that might betray her by being traced. She is after cheques, without doubt. Or, maybe, she is finding out the whole amount to be realized, and means to take her time. She little dreams that faithful old Peter is watching over his master's affairs, if he is turned away from his sick-bed."

And to make sure of her deception, he counterfeited a heavy snore, and chuckled as he saw her start, and then turn her head and listen to the sonorous blasts he got up for her special benefit. She arose at length from her knees, put the papers carefully back into the pocket-book, the pocket-book back into the portmanteau, and carried the latter back to the wardrobe.

Then she returned, and Peter heard a heavy, disappointed sigh as she sank into her seat by the bedside, and dropped her head forward into her hands. She did not stir from this position for two hours. By that time Peter's knees began to ache from the crouching position he had assumed, and sleep crept over his hitherto wakeful eyelids. Involuntarily he gaped and nodded. He struggled manfully against it, but the gentle, insidious power, such a beneficent blessing at some times, and such a ruinous foe at others, was too powerful even for Peter.

He rolled over gently towards the mattress thrown upon the floor for his benefit, and in ten minutes was snoring in *bona fide* earnest. Thus it was Peter lost the most important scene in the little drama. For towards morning the patient, moaning and tossing fiercely, induced the nurse to get a towel of crushed ice and pass it softly a few times over his head.

The little streams percolating down the neck were being wiped away with a careful hand, when suddenly the black eyes glimmered with a quick sparkle of triumph. The nurse stopped, and peered cautiously beneath the linen neckband.

A black ribbon in one place worn away, showing the glitter of a steel chain, drew her attention.

She caught her breath with a quick gasp, and turned away a moment to utter a deep exclamation of thanksgiving, then returned to her task. She passed the soothing, numbing bandage of ice again across his forehead, watched the nervously twitching eyelids

settle down into quiet, the restless arms drop listlessly upon the coverlid, and then, with one icy cold hand still upon his forehead, swiftly and firmly seized hold of the ribbon and drew it up.

The patient lay motionless, and she, with gleaming eyes, dexterously and neatly as a pick-pocket might have manipulated, disengaged the small envelope of oil-silk fastened to the ribbon-bound chain, and carried it to the light.

She tore open the little bundle of yellow papers so carefully secreted within, gave one glance over them, and sank on her knees, shaking like one stricken with palsy.

"Oh, heaven be praised, I have found them! He was innocent! Oh, Guy, Guy!" gasped the strange woman, as she clasped those trembling hands, and raised her streaming eyes to heaven.

A deep groan from the bed aroused her, and she sprang up, laid the ice on his forehead, and hurriedly folded a paper from her own pocket, carefully fitted it to the oil-silk receptacle, replaced it on the chain, and thrust the whole beneath the clothing once more.

Then she sank into a chair with glowing eyes, her breath coming rapidly, like one sternly controlling extreme agitation.

When Sir Morton had been first put into the bath, Guy had noticed this little parcel so singularly worn by his father, and spoken of it to Peter, who had answered promptly:

"La, Mr. Guy, master's worn that ever since I knew him. I expect, from something he said one day when I put on a new ribbon for him, that it's a keepsake or a love-letter of your mother's, Mr. Guy. He said it was to be buried with him, if anything sudden happened, and never touched."

"Nor shall it be!" had Guy replied, little dreaming in how short a time unceremonious hands would thus possess themselves of the precious relic.

At break of day Guy appeared.

"I have come to relieve you, nurse. I hope you have had a comfortable night."

"Unusually quiet, monsieur."

"You must be glad to have an opportunity to breathe the fresh air. Go now, and revive yourself."

She went out swiftly, trod softly by the door of Madame D'Almonoff and her daughter, descended the stairs as quickly and silently as a cat, and unlocking the door, fairly leaped out into the cool, invigorating air of the early morning.

At a closely screened bank in the hedge-bordered garden she paused, and flung herself prostrate upon the ground. Then the pent-up agitation found vent.

Streams of scalding tears poured down her cheeks, she sobbed convulsively, and at length when the tears had cooled the fierce heat of her brain, she sank upon her knees and said a short, but fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

"Oh, Guy, Guy! you were good, you were noble, you were true! This blessed truth is all I can think of now. How I have wronged your memory with my wild hate! Ah, it was the bitterest of the passionate love I had hidden so long within my breast. You never knew, my noble Guy, how poor Mercie worshipped the very ground you trod on, you, whose thoughts were all bound up in Hilda; but now, up there, in the shining heavens, you surely have a tender smile waiting for her who has redeemed your good name, and restored to your dear ones their long-forfeited rights! Ah, not in vain have I toiled, and planned, and worked secretly and openly by day and by night. I have redeemed my vow. Ah, had I known it would have taken these eighteen dreary years, would not my courage have failed me? Yet it was for their sakes I began. Did I dream on my knees with solemn joy I should rejoice in knowing it ended for yours, my Guy?"

These words issued from her pale lips in an impetuous torrent, and the fixed look in the upraised eyes turned wistfully towards the sky, where the crimson glories of the morning gathered, showed she was utterly unconscious they were spoken at all.

The closing of the house door reminded her of someone's approach. She roused herself, shook out the wrinkles and patches of grass from her gray dress, resumed the odious blue spectacles, and sat down in apparent composure.

She heard the measured steps walking to and fro, but no one approached her retreat, and she remained quietly recovering from the strong excitement of the night, until she heard Irena's voice humming a low morning hymn.

She smiled softly.

"His child! the dearest thing left on earth for me—dearer, and more precious than even Hilda. Have I not earned a noble fortune for her, have I not led on the smooth issue for all this tangled snarl of hateful circumstances? The boy loves her, and it is easy to read the secret of that timid, innocent heart of hers. And he is worthy—yes, even of the name he bears; the symbol now, as once of old, of all high, heroic qualities, of all noble, trustworthy manhood. But he

must not die, this arch villain, who lies smitten with his own guilty conscience. We must tend him as faithfully as we would a better man, that the general joy of explanation may not be marred. A repentant sinner can be gently dealt with, but a man dead with his guilty deeds unspoken, would be a perpetual grief; and so he must not die."

She arose and turned in the direction of Irena's voice, and then checked herself.

"I think my wits have half-forsaken me. I was going to speak to her, I forgot she had made no acquaintance with the Prussian nurse. Ah, here comes that grim old Peter. How sharply heeys me! The saints send he was not watching me last night. No matter now, thank heaven! I am able now to defy them all."

"Good morning, Mrs.—. I believe I haven't heard your name," began Peter as he came stalking majestically down the walk.

"A very fine morning, Herr Peter. We had a very quiet night."

"A-hem, well, yes, I believe, ma'am. I believe you like quiet nights, Mrs.—, a-hem; I've really forgotten your name."

"That matters not, Herr Peter; it is not so easily rendered into English."

"To be sure," exclaimed Peter, just struck with the thought; "it is rather odd you should understand me. Out in the street I have to talk by signs altogether. Was that the reason Mr. Guy sent for you? It is better, to be sure, to know both languages."

"Rather!" replied Mercie, drily, "when the doctor's German and the patient English."

"How did you learn? It must have taken a deal of patience after being brought up to such an outlandish tongue as they speak in these parts."

"I was young when I commenced, and I've had some practice since."

"You've nursed sick Englishmen before, perhaps."

"Yes, I've nursed an Englishman before." Her lips twitched a little, and she tried to move on. But Peter obstinately detained her.

"Did he live, or die, Mrs.—?"

Her voice was hollow, despite her efforts, as she returned, hastily:

"He died."

"Dear me! I hope it wasn't through your treatment. You will make me uneasy about master. I know well enough when he comes to his senses he'll ask at once for Peter, and according to my thinking, it ought to have been Peter from the commencement."

"I see," thought Mercie; "the poor old man is jealous of me," and she answered:

"I am sure, Peter, you are a great deal of use now; and when he isn't so critically ill you will have the most of the care. You see I'm used to desperate cases, and I know the doctor's ways, that's why they sent for me, not from any questioning of your capability, I am sure, my good Peter."

As she concluded she pushed resolutely by him, and walked rapidly up the path into the house.

Peter looked after her, mimicking her tone.

"Good Peter, indeed! My smart lady, you'll talk differently by-and-by. If your patient died, I presume his property departed also in some mysterious fashion. But it won't be so in this case; just you go on nibbling the bait in earnest, and you'll find out the trap I've set."

#### CHAPTER X.

THE ravings of Sir Morton had never been coherent. He seemed principally haunted by an unknown spectre, or followed by mysterious warnings. The most acute mind, without the clue possessed by that strange nurse, had failed to gather any story from his mutterings. For her, however, was explained a great deal that had puzzled and perplexed her.

But after the first week he ceased to talk, and lay motionless, now and then moaning heavily, or throwing up his arms fiercely, but most of the time in a heavy stupor.

The physician looked very grave, and Mercie, catching the expression of his face, trembled, and redoubled her vigilance. Never was patient so assiduously tended; even Peter was forced to acknowledge that. She was ceaselessly at work, changing the cooling cloths, bathing the feverish hand and parched lips, administering drop by drop the strengthening cordial. And yet every day he grew weaker.

Guy stood, on the tenth morning, beside him with a pale face, watching the physician as he held a glass to the silent lips, and turned away with an uncontrollable burst of sobs.

There had been a strange lack of confidence between father and son, induced by the early reserve of the former, but yet there was a very strong attachment between them, beyond that of many an outwardly affectionate pair.

The whole family were gathered in the ante-room.

Mrs. Owen, with overflowing eyes, drew Guy to her side.

"My poor boy, my dear Guy!" was all she could say.

Edith had her tearful face hidden from sight, and scarcely turned, only a deep sob told of her sympathy.

Guy dropped his head on the friendly shoulder.

"Oh, Aunt Hester, it is so dreadful to lose him thus, without a single word of parting; away from home, unknowing our grief. It seems to me that I can never bear it."

"Dear Guy, death is always heart-rending for those who remain. We imagine we could endure it better under different circumstances, but death is alike everywhere."

Irena, with her grave, wistful eyes, stole to his side.

"Dear Guy," whispered she, and it was the first time she had ever addressed him thus, "do not despair yet, there is life still; it may be the vibrating prelude to returning health. The glass is moist. I fancy that it increases."

Guy seized her hand, wrung it fervently, and hurried back to the bedside.

Mercie was executing a whispered order from the doctor; wetting clothes in harshhorn and laying them on the chilly skin. Then drop by drop a spoonful of wine was forced through the set lips.

A feeble flutter of the throat was followed by a spasmodic action. The doctor's face brightened. He laid his ear to the breast and listened, motioning for Mercie to renew her applications.

The pulsation returned slowly but steadily, the damp chilliness of the flesh vanished beneath the quiet, but persistent exertions of the nurse. In a few moments the breathing became stronger and more natural.

"He is not to die," exclaimed the doctor, triumphantly.

At these words, spoken so suddenly in the profoundly silent room, the long-closed eyelids fluttered away, and the grave, intelligent eyes looked into the eager face of Guy.

"My dear boy!" said Sir Morton.

Guy trembled like a child, but he bent down to the pillow and spoke calmly:

"I am here, dear father; you are not quite well yet, I would not talk till you are better."

"Have I been ill?"

"Yes, sir, very ill, but you will recover now."

He made an effort to lift his hand to his breast, and seemed profoundly astonished that it was impossible.

"Put my hand on my chest, Guy."

Wonderingly, Guy obeyed.

The feeble fingers moved around till they found the little packet suspended to his neck. His face cleared then, he smiled again into Guy's face, closed his eyes and went to sleep.

The nurse, who had been so gravely composed through all, was sitting at the head of the bed in the shade of the looped curtains; but the warm tears poured over her cheeks at this unexpected and welcome sign of restored life. Who would have dreamed she was rejoicing over the recovery of the deadliest foe of her beloved ones?

Guy turned into the ante-room overwhelmed with emotion. It was a long time before he could speak at all. Then he said, so softly it only reached Irena's ears:

"My first ray of hope came through Undine. I shall never forget that."

Ralph had leaned against the doorway like a statue the whole time. Edith caught a strange expression on his face as he suddenly darted away, and followed him to ask anxiously:

"Ralph, Ralph, what ails you?"

"Edith, don't hate me as I hate myself," groaned he. "I was as sorrowful as any of you when I thought he was to die. I could have perilled my own life, done everything to bring him back to poor Guy, and yet the moment I knew he was to live—don't look horrified, if you can help it, Edith, for I am loathing myself now—I confess it, my heart sank, a fiend seemed to whisper, 'If he had died, there had been no hindrance to the breaking of Edith's engagement to Guy. You might have won her, now it is hopeless.' There, I have told you. I know you despise me, and the worst of it is, that I deserve it, selfish wretch that I am!"

"Poor Ralph," said Edith, slowly.

"Well, I knew that before," answered he, discontentedly, "but I did not suppose you would say any more."

She looked into his quivering face, and her heart longed to give him some comfort.

"Yes, Ralph," said she, "I will say a little more."

"What is it?" demanded he, almost imperiously.

"It is, Poor Edith!" and snatching her hand from his sudden grasp, she fled upstairs again.



"She loves me!" exclaimed Ralph, joyfully, and then, with a sigh, he added, "But what of that? It will only be the one hundred and ninety-ninth case of fulfilling an engagement made by parents while the heart is far away. She will never resist Sir Morton."

He beat a hasty retreat as he saw Guy approaching. "Where is Peter, Ralph?" called out Guy.

But Ralph dared not show his face, and gave no heed. Peter, however, at that moment came from the garden, where he had retreated to hide his honest tears.

"Is it over, Master Guy? do you want me for that?" blubbered Peter.

"No, no, Peter, he is to live; he has revived, and just now has asked for you."

This was Peter's hour of triumph. He drew himself up in stately dignity.

"I knew it! I said so! I told Sarah how it would be!" ejaculated he. "I knew your foreign nurses wouldn't do for Sir Morton. I knew he would ask for Peter."

"Hurry to him, then, you silly old fellow, but do not agitate him. The nurse has done wonderfully, better than any of us were able. Now you may take your turn and give her rest."

Sir Morton improved steadily if not swiftly; but he was very weak indeed, and could not bear much company, not even Guy for more than half an hour at a time. He asked no questions concerning his past illness, or about the inmates of the house in which he found himself. He saw his friends all cheerful and happy, and more tenderly respectful towards him than ever before. That fact was enough to satisfy him that his secret, whatever it was, was safe from them. The packet still hung around his neck. In his present reduced state, these circumstances were enough to content him, he could not agitate himself by farther inquiries.

The young people were thus thrown constantly together, and they did not seem to find the hours hanging heavily upon their hands.

Ralph had once or twice discontentedly declared he ought to be away about his business, but the sorrowful look in Edith's eyes, and Guy's open remonstrance had hushed him. There was certainly no jealousy to disturb either. That was long ago dispersed. Edith's new experience had deepened her emotions. She knew now just what was the nature of her affection for Guy, and also how deep was her interest in Ralph.

Guy also had less compunction in yielding to his more and more absorbing love for Irene, since it was very evident he should not leave his blue-eyed betrothed inconceivable.

This close companionship was better than the casual acquaintance of many years to give them a mutual understanding of each other's characters. They really felt, as they declared, that they had known each other always.

Mrs. Owen had relaxed in her watchfulness since Sir Morton's illness. She could scarcely explain why to herself, perhaps because her own indisposition led her to put away all possible uneasiness, but more likely because she saw such general good-nature and satisfaction, it seemed impossible there could be any harm brewing.

She was, moreover, growing extremely interested in Madame D'Almanoff, who had somewhat abandoned her reserve, and showed herself a gifted and fascinating person; and the two ladies spent the most of their time together, growing exceedingly attached.

Mercie, the nurse, had been liberally rewarded for her services, and dismissed.

She had managed to obtain a few moments' conversation with Madame D'Almanoff before her exit.

"Mercie, my faithful one," cried the latter, "I beg your pardon for my hateful suspicions. I believe your unremitting care has saved Sir Morton's life. How patient, and tireless, and enduring you have been! I have longed to relieve you so often. Are you not wearied out?"

"I never felt half so strong and vigorous in all my life before," was the vehement reply.

"See, here is their gold, take it, Hilda."

She thrust the purse she held into the other's lap.

"No, no, Mercie, we have enough. Use it to give yourself recreation and rest. You are always bringing your hard earnings to us. At one time I could not help accepting them; there is no need now, dear Mercie. These people whom I so reluctantly received at your earnest request, command I might call it, seem to have brought a blessing to me. They have paid liberally, and always promptly at the end of the week. I like them so much, Mercie. Only sometimes it makes me very sad to think how they will go away, and never know who we really are."

"Take the gold, Hilda. I have been trebly paid, and have kept back the richest portion. A blessing have they brought! Oh, Hilda, Hilda, you little guess how wonderful a one!"

She bent her head a moment, and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Mercie, dear, dear Mercie, can it be you who are weeping, you who have always disdained the womanish weakness? What can it mean?"

"That I am softened. My hardness and stubbornness, and fierceness melted away. I seem to have no anger, no resentment, no pride."

"No resentment? Ah, Mercie, would it might extend to the past; that one I dare not name might be forgiven, his memory cleared from bitterness."

"Hilda, Hilda, it does extend to the past. If his grave were only within my reach you should see my white wreath of reconciliation hanging upon it."

Madame D'Almanoff clasped her companion to her arms.

"May all the saints bless you, my Mercie; now have you taken from me the keenest pang. You forgive, even as I have forgiven?"

"I do. All the saints hear me affirm that I hold his memory precious and sacred."

"If this mission beside his relative's couch has wrought the miraculous change, heaven be praised for it!"

"Aye, heaven be praised!" echoed Mercie's quivering voice, "and now; good-bye."

"Alas! I would you would remain here. I could easily invent an excuse. Why will you not share our home, Mercie, the home you have given us?"

"All in good time, Hilda; I have other work before me now. I trow the good people of Cologne have marvelled much at the long absence of one they consult frequently. I must not neglect my business too long, or I shall lose their patronage."

She laughed lightly, shook off her tears, drew her nurse's hood over her head, readjusted her blue glasses, and hurried away.

Peter was at the window and saw her speeding down the walk.

He nodded his head in perplexity.

"She's a queer creature! I've puzzled enough about her. She hasn't taken a single thing, for I've looked them all over; but what under the sun was she doing that night? Peter Bright, you didn't go and dream it, did you?"

He went back to the table, handled watch, and seal, and ring, and breast-pin, opened the pocket-book to make sure his last glance had been correct. The money was there, the papers too, nothing was gone; said Peter over and over to himself:

"The dickens is in it all. I do believe I dreamed it, for there's nothing gone, not a thing."

Ah, Peter, if you had known how much was gone, you had not added so penitently:

"Poor old thing! I'm afraid I was terrible gruff with her. If I see her again I'll ask her pardon. I will, as true as my name is Peter Bright."

(To be continued.)

## LOU LISPENARD'S ESCAPE.

REN CLIFFORD sat with head drooped and an expression of perplexed thought upon his countenance, not that he doubted her, but there were so many things about it all that he could not understand. There was such a tangle somehow, and daylight nowhere, that he could discover. He had grown thin with fasting, for he could not eat, and haggard with anxiety, for he loved with all the energies of his soul the pretty girlish girl whom all the world was condemning now, and whose slender loveliness damp prison walls were enclosing in what certainly threatened to be a relentless embrace. If Lou would only be reasonable herself, but there was just the trouble; the girl was icy as an Arctic berg, and impenetrable as granite.

Ren Clifford had been all over the ground that was his to go over, too thoroughly to misunderstand the position. Unless something new turned up, Lou was lost most likely. His face blanched of the little fleshy hue it had, and he clenched his hand impatiently.

"If she would only let me help her," he groaned.

The girl he loved—the girl who was to have been his wife in a few weeks—death! it was too horrible.

Someone rapped lightly upon his door, and then the bolt shot back, and Cresswell, the lawyer friend he had sent for, came in.

"Thank heaven, you have come!" the young man exclaimed, springing to meet him. "I should have gone for you myself, but I couldn't go far away from her. Old friend, save her!" He broke down with a piteous cry, covering his face with his hands.

Only a moment. Lawyer Cresswell had not time to grow impatient, scarcely to feel pitiful. Ren Clifford had held haggard, haunted vigils of late, his nerves were jarred with sleeplessness, and unstrung with horror; and the sight of his friend had touched him. But he rallied at once, dropped the momentary weakness with his hands from his face, and sat up straight and calm, eager and keen.

"Now, Cresswell."

The lawyer took a chair near him and fixed his eyes upon a projection of the cornice, folding his arms and waiting.

"You had better begin at the beginning," he remarked, suggestively, after a little, seeing that Clifford hesitated. "Never mind the murder till you come to it; tell me all about your engagement—how long you had known Miss Lispenard, where, how—"

"I can't see what that has to do with it," said Ren, opening his eyes and colouring a little under the lawyer's glance.

"Tush, Ren! did you send for me to conduct this affair or did you not?"

"Of course; Lou would have had no one if it had been left to her. I believe she is obstinate enough to bear the worst."

Cresswell shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell your story."

"Why, you see, Lou and I have known each other ever so long, ever since I can remember, in fact, and though I always thought she loved me at the bottom, she has played me off and on so many times, and we've parted in a huff so often—in short, I learned to love Lou one of the first things, and have acted the fool ever since, to the best of my ability."

"I presume you had plenty of rivals—Miss Lispenard is handsome, if I remember rightly."

"Yes, and I'm of a jealous turn, and Lou has temper as well as I. We quarrelled pretty often, and didn't always make it up at once."

"Had you quarrelled lately?"

"There was a coldness; but I thought it was just her way. I was waiting for it to pass."

Ren sighed heavily.

"Miss Lispenard was a coquette," Cresswell remarked, drily.

The look of dumb agony that came into his friend's face at that remark made him look away rebuked.

"She liked attention; what woman does not?"

Clifford said, in a low voice.

"How did you come to be engaged?"

"Naturally enough. I asked her to marry me, and she said yes."

"Did you think she loved you?"

"She did," replied Clifford, hotly, looking up with a flush.

"I dare say; but if she did, she made a greater fool of that young Vesey than she did of you."

Again that look of mute anguish.

"It doesn't matter, only save her," he said, after a pause.

"It does matter." Cresswell spoke with such emphasis that his companion started. "Where is Vesey now?"

"They haven't met for a long while."

"What was that about a packet of letters those donkey constables stood by and saw Miss Lispenard burn?"

"She burned some letters; I don't know whose, or why."

"Did she correspond with Vesey?"

"Y-e-s," drearily, and with reluctance.

"Would you know Vesey's hand if you saw it?"

Clifford shook his head.

"I have seen his letters; only the outside, though. I knew them by the paper. He always used tissue paper, and wrote long letters."

"Precisely. Those were Vesey's letters she burned the night of her arrest."

"Why—how?"

"I found this behind the grate where Miss Lispenard burned her letters."

He showed a bit of scorched tissue paper, at which Ren Clifford stared bewildered, but whitening to the lips. The lawyer held it a moment, and carefully returned it to his pocket-book.

Clifford looked away, clenched his hands, and then back again, with a flash of eagerness.

"I never could make it out; but she didn't care for him, Cresswell—I know she didn't."

The lawyer vouchsafed his friend an indulgent glance—nothing more.

Clifford chafed.

"She made a fool of me, but she loved me," he said.

Cresswell turned in his chair, and laid a hand strongly on his friend's arm.

"Ren Clifford," said he, slowly, "I came down here believing as you believe. I've changed my mind. Shall I go away now, and take that scrap of Vesey's letter with me? Better so, unless you have the nerve to stand by and see the dearest faith of your life shattered."

Ren's head drooped for the shadow of a moment, and he caught his breath like one choking. The next instant his head went up, and he flung the chestnut curls off his broad white brow proudly.

"I believe in heaven and my darling, Cresswell. She's been sadly tried, poor pet, and things look black for her, but she is white as an angel."

"I shall stay, then."

"Stay."

"Untrammelled, free to hunt this thing to earth, though it wreck your faith in her?"

"Aye."

Clifford almost laughed in a sort of mad excitement and eagerness, and his handsome eyes glittered with the tears of a fond, enthusiastic loyalty.

"I'm like a hound on the track of guilt."

"So much the better."

Cresswell sat up again with his inquisitorial mask all right.

"When did you see her last?"

"Not since—before."

"And then?"

"Very briefly." The frank face clouded. "She was cold, flurried and pale. She shuddered away from me when I would have caressed her; she sent me away relentlessly, saying she was too ill to see me, though I am almost positive she did not spend the evening alone."

"How?"

"As I rode away, I saw the shadow of a man cross and recross the library blinds."

"Her uncle?"

"No; he was ill—too ill—in bed."

"A servant, possibly?"

"Servants do not haunt their mistress's library by the hour."

"Poor fellow! So you watched the shadow an hour or more!"

"Yes," setting his teeth.

"And that night poor old Lisenard was murdered?"

Clifford's head bent.

"Did you tell this at the inquest?"

"Yes."

"And Miss Lisenard—"

"Met inquiry on that point, as on every other, with blankest silence. That was not all. The servants denied that anyone, to their knowledge, had been in the house that evening, save the family and myself."

"And you—"

"I knew to the contrary."

"Precisely. Vesy was there."

"No, no," sharply.

The lawyer glanced at him.

"Be a man, Clifford; face the facts. See here," fumbling at his pocket-book. "No; on the whole, I won't trust you," thrusting it back in a breast pocket. "Did you say you had not seen Miss Lisenard since the murder?"

"Yes," wincing. "She won't see me. She never looked towards me the day of the inquest."

"I must see her."

"Yes, yes; she can't refuse to see you, her lawyer, you know."

"I shan't give her the chance," said Cresswell, drily, as he rose, buttoning his coat and drawing on his gloves.

He didn't. Having in his pocket the official permit to see her as her lawyer, he followed the announcement of his approach too closely to be denied.

Miss Lisenard frowned at sight of him, and declared, uncourteously enough, that she had no use for a lawyer.

Mr. Cresswell had never chanced to meet the erst belle before, though he had heard enough of her to be surprised now at the figure before him. There was little about this black-browed, attenuated girl to identify her with the brilliant beauty of whom he had heard. There were dark rings about her heavy eyes, and her very lips had lost colour.

He took no apparent note of her coldness as he put his hat on a chair and sat down.

"My name is Cresswell, and Ren Clifford sent me," he vouchsafed.

"Poor Ren! he might have spared himself the pains," she said, softly.

"Precisely what I said to him," remarked Cresswell, abstractedly.

She shot a curious glance at him. He caught it and held it briefly.

"I never thought you deserved the wild worship Ren gave you."

"No, don't talk of it," a little wearily.

"True—let us talk of other matters. Ingratitude must be an interesting theme to you."

"I am not ungrateful."

"Pardon me—you are bitterly so."

"To whom?"

"To Ren Clifford."

"To him least of all," compressing her pallid lips.

"To yourself, then, or to Conrad Vesy."

He dropped the name, red hot with emphasis, upon her consciousness, and she shrank livid, as though it had seared her, and shuddering with unmistakable horror and repulsion.

Lawyer Cresswell watched her, and then he showed her the scorched scrap of fine French letter paper, and told her where he had found it.

Her eyes dilated, but her face calmed.

"It's all that remains of the letter in which Vesy told you when he was coming. He did come; he was hid in the library when poor Ren called. Miss Lisenard, do you follow me?"

"You take a new rôle for a lawyer," she said, with a strange smile.

"Perhaps. I have a passion for hunting down guilt and wickedness."

Her face quivered a little.

"You poor child," the lawyer said, with a sudden emotion in his voice, and catching her little cold hands between his; "trust me."

She wrenched her hands from him with the look of a hunted animal on her face. She shrank away from him into a corner, and set her teeth resolutely together, and from that moment she would not speak again.

"Sadly tried, as Ren said," the lawyer thought, as he left her. "Horribly tried, if he knew, but I'd stake my soul on her innocence, in the face of the blackest appearances. Now for that wretch, Vesy, before he can put an ocean between his guilt and the gallows."

There was short time for action, and because he saw so well to what a frail tension the cords of life were already strung for Lou Lisenard, because he saw that the thread might snap in too long a probation, he resolved to put in no plea for postponement of the trial at present.

He did not dare trust the air with his suspicions. He knew this Vesy for a knave, artful enough to fatally give him the slip if he once scented a chase. He put a sharp detective on his track, and set himself on track of his guilt. He made himself friendly and conversable with the country round; he went down into Allonby, where Lou Lisenard had spent that summer during which she first met Vesy, and since which she had never been the same to Ren Clifford.

Everybody remembered her down there—a brilliant little brunette, dashing through the country avenues with that wicked Vesy always at her bridle rein.

It had been a desperate flirtation—if flirtation it was—but he had to go back without anything satisfactory, after all. Satisfied as he might be in his own mind, he had nothing very tangible in the way of proof yet, and not much chance of getting anything unless Vesy were soon found.

So far, he had eluded them, and the chances were great that he might get safe out of the country, if, indeed, he were not already gone. The detective had his orders to do nothing but keep an eye on the man if he found him, and telegraph to his employer at once.

Some vague sympathy with Miss Lisenard kept the lawyer still until then, but he was putting one little thing with another all the time—busy, though silent—and the conviction, born he could scarcely tell how, at first, strengthened every hour.

The murderer of poor old Lisenard, whoever he was, had contrived everything with matchless artfulness.

He had covered his tracks in a manner that defied following, unless he could himself be made to speak, or unless Miss Lisenard became communicative. The latter contingency was not to be calculated upon in the least.

Lawyer Cresswell had seen the young lady several times, but the little communicativeness she had at first displayed had disappeared, and at all interviews subsequent to the first, she had remained a sealed book, unresponsive to any appeal he could possibly make, silent and impassive, and wasting with the inward fight.

One day Lawyer Cresswell got a telegram from his detective agent. In half an hour he was off. His agent waited for him in the midst of a thriving business metropolis, something like a hundred miles away, and took him for a country drive as soon as he got there.

"There's your man," he said, as they drove past a little brick house, with willows by the gate, and a man lounging on the grass with a pipe in his mouth. There were children playing near, and as the lawyer looked back, a woman came to the door, and called the man under the trees to come to dinner.

The lawyer and the detective rode on, the detective talking, the lawyer pondering. He had never seen Vesy but once; he thought this might be like him, but he had never supposed him married.

"That's his wife, and them's his children," said the detective, decidedly.

"If I were sure of that—his marriage, I mean—I could see my way," said the lawyer, thoughtfully fumbling the pocket-book which held that scorched scrap of a letter.

"I've seen the minister that married 'em," said the detective, quietly.

"Why didn't you say so, man?" cried the lawyer, lashing the horse back to town, where he soon got a constable and a warrant.

It was dark by the time they reached the little brick house again. Their man was snugly housed,

knitting his brows over his pipe and a paper that he was not reading, though he made a pretence of doing so.

He made a rush as they opened the door without knocking, and then sat down again, cursing himself for the slip, and calming down to a self-possession and defiance of mien that told the lawyer that he thought himself pretty safe, on the whole, yet.

"So you've got a wife here, too?" remarked Cresswell.

But the man did not answer him, though he shot a strange glance at him, and then at his wife.

Cresswell let the constable start with his prisoner, while he stopped behind to wait for the wife to get over her hysterics. She was eager enough to go with him when he proposed it, and he took her straight over all those intervening miles to Miss Lisenard, to whom he presented her as "Conrad Vesy's wife."

A swift redness like a brand leaped to Miss Lisenard's thin white cheek as she faced the woman haughtily.

"You?"

Only the monosyllable, but her eyes devoured the woman's face like livid flames. The woman shrank a little, but she did not drop her eyes, and she repeated the words.

"Yes, I am his wife these six years."

Miss Lisenard began to totter; her face was white; the lawyer thought she was going to faint, but she only drooped to a seat, and sat like one stunned.

He led the woman to the door, and came back to Miss Lisenard.

"You will trust me now?" he questioned, softly.

"Yes, oh, yes. I can't die for a man like that."

And then she told him the story. She had met Vesy somewhere before that summer. He followed her down there, and paid his court in such irresistible fashion as to completely fascinate her against her better judgment. He obtained over her that sway that some men always exert over some women. They were secretly married before she went home—secretly because of her uncle's rooted aversion to the man—at least, that was the pretext. She had not dissolved her engagement to poor Ren, partly because Vesy insisted that she should not, partly through fear of arousing her uncle's suspicions.

Vesy had come secretly to see her that fatal night. It was true that he was in the library when Ren called, and was sent away, disconsolate. Her uncle had been sitting up that day; somehow he suspected and stole upon them, and overheard enough of their talk to conjecture that they were married.

His anger was terrible, and in the heat of it he promised his niece that his will should be altered the next day, and she left out of it. In the midst of his passion, weak and ill as he was, he fainted, and they, not liking to expose matters to the servants, had between them got him back to his bed.

Vesy sent her away, promising to follow as the old man came to. It was half an hour before he came, then he was like a man out of his grave, so strange and still, though he pretended to jest, and stayed some two hours longer. He was still there when the old servant, going to her uncle's room, discovered that he had been murdered, and raised the house. His last words to her before he crept out of the house had been a warning to tell no one he had been there, lest he might be accused of the deed.

That was all. Vesy had killed her uncle to stop his altering his will. The unscrupulous villain had calculated upon securing the poor old man's wealth through his niece.

They convicted him easily enough. There were a hundred evidences of his guilt brought to light, when once public attention was called to him.

As for Lou Lisenard, she shrank away into such shocked seclusion, that for two whole years Ren Clifford never saw her face. But his love outlived all, and received what to him was adequate reward at last. Lou became his wife.

C. C.

**POTATO SUGAR.**—A bushel of potatoes weighs about 60 lb., and gives 8 lb. of pure, fine, dry starch. This amount of starch will make 5 pints of sugar, of the weight of nearly 12 lb. to the gallon, equal to 7½ lb. to the bushel of potatoes, or a little less than a pound of sugar to the pound of starch. The sugar is not so sweet as the Muscovado sugar, nor is it actually so sweet as its taste would indicate. The sugar may, however, be used for many kinds of domestic purposes. It ferments with great liveliness and spirit when made into beer, yielding a healthful and delicious beverage, and on distillation a fine cider brandy-flavoured spirit. It would, however, be most useful in making sweetmeats, and may be used upon the table in lieu of honey, for which it is a good substitute. It has already become a favourite with most people who have become acquainted with it. Its taste is that of a delicious sweet.





[PLAYING FOR A CORONET.]

## THE WRONG DRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Golden Mask," "The Stranger's Secret," "Man and His Idol," "The Warning Voice," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XLV.

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.

Bright in the foulest ways of life,  
Unsuited excellence will shine.  
Just as the diamond loses naught  
Of light or brilliance in the mine.

J. Clare.

THE unlucky question which the fiery ex-retainer of Gorewood thrust at Jerome was absolutely crushing.

Jerome's own folly had given effect to the charge that he was the man who, with others of still more desperate character, had once broken into that very house.

Worse than this, it served to criminate Oliver also, by leaving very little doubt as to his identity.

The position was an awkward one.

Cool and self-confident as Jerome usually was, he looked helplessly around, flushed and embarrassed, and with all the painful consciousness of having been caught in a trap.

Oliver's position was still more desperate.

Happily for both, in the midst of the dead silence that followed the unanswerable question, the sound of voices and the tramping of feet suddenly became audible.

The little crowd heard it with surprise; and glanced in the direction in which it came.

Something fresh had happened—that was clear—but what could it be?

Before the question had found utterance, it was answered by the abrupt appearance of one of those loose hangers-on of society who are found both in town and country: a ragged, shambling, excited lad, who, rushing into the midst of the little throng, burst out with a startling announcement.

"We've got him!" was his exclamation.

"Him? Who?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Him as did it!"

"That fired the shot?"

"Yes!"

A painful expression came into Jerome's face at this announcement.

He had no great love for Jasper Newton, but a half-pity for his misfortunes moved his sluggish heart. The chief source of his emotion, however, was the

thought that he and those with whom he acted might now lose a most useful agent in the carrying out of their infamous designs.

It had been Gasparo's policy through life—and Gasparo was the real mover in the plot against Violet Maldon—to turn the follies and passions of others to his own advantage.

So in this instance, Jasper Newton's mad jealousy was to be the means whereby Violet's lover, Albany Seymour, was to be got out of the way.

It was so much safer to excite Jasper to a state of frenzy, and leave him to stain his hands in blood, than for others to be entrusted with the taking of this obnoxious life.

Knowing this, Jerome naturally feared lest the deed on which Jasper Newton was resolutely bent might not have been perpetrated.

"This folly of using fire-arms in broad daylight, and on the high road, may have ruined all!" he reflected.

As he did so, the party, whose voices had been heard in the stillness, appeared in sight.

It consisted of some dozen rustics, who, incited by the hope of reward, had scoured the woods in search of the intended murderer, who, there could be little doubt, was secreted there.

Their exertions had been crowned with success, and they were now dragging him along in their midst.

News of the capture had been conveyed to Sir Anselm Gower, and he made his appearance almost simultaneously with the approach of the prisoner.

"Now," he remarked, with emphasis, "we shall have a fair chance of getting at the heart of this mystery. This is the man who fired the pistol, is it not?"

The chief witness in the case, Ruff Wattell, eagerly stepped forward and identified him.

There was not much difficulty in doing so.

Such a desperate object as the prisoner presented, if once seen, was not likely soon to be forgotten.

The victim of a fierce, a demoniacal passion, Jasper Newton presented a fearful indication of what such a passion may reduce a man to.

All his manly beauty had departed. His tall, muscular form was bent and wasted, only his long, swinging arms gave any indications of the prodigious strength of which he was possessed.

That face, over the noble lineaments of which a mother's eyes had gloated, was now thin to emaciation, white, and full of deeply indented lines.

His eyes burned with the fire of madness, and over his brow hung a tangled web of hair, matted and neglected.

His clothes were torn to shreds in parts, and were stained with mud and clay, and soaked with the contact of the wet leaves through which he had dragged himself.

"You hear that you are charged with having fired a pistol at a carriage passing along the road in this neighbourhood?" said the baronet, addressing this sad spectacle of a man.

"I hear," was the sullen answer.

"You are aware that this is a very serious offence?" Sir Gower added.

The prisoner tossed his head in contemptuous silence.

"But more than this," said the baronet. "As I understand, the occupant of the carriage—the person at whom, it is fair to suppose, your aim was directed, and who quitted it in search of the perpetrator of the outrage—has not since been heard of!"

Jasper's face brightened.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Nay. I have nothing to say on the matter. I am only pointing out the suspicious state of affairs. Everything seems to justify the suspicion of foul play, and I give you the opportunity of offering any explanations, or of justifying yourself in any way you think fit."

The poor wreck of a once noble youth folded his arms across his breast, and drew himself up to his full height.

"I have nothing to explain or to justify," he said, in a proudly defiant tone.

"But the pistol-shot? What do you say to that?"

"Nothing."

"And the disappearance of the occupant of the carriage?"

"What! Am I responsible for a man who loses himself in the woods?"

"But your presence there? You were found lurking among the trees at an unseemly hour. For what purpose? How do you explain your conduct?"

The face of the accused suddenly flushed with indignation.

"Explain!" he shouted. "What is there that I should explain? The woods are as free and as open as the high road! They are open by night as well as by day. The lowest tramp of the roadside enters them when he pleases, quits them when he sees fit, and why should he enjoy a privilege I am denied? Explain! and apologize, too, I daresay, because I choose to exercise the common-law right of all after my own fashion. No! If you have any charge against me, bring it, support it by evidence; do not seek to entrap me into admissions or apologies—you

will have neither from my lips—but take the due and prescribed course. Detain me, if you dare incur the risk and its consequences! If not, let me go! Explanations and apologies, forsooth! Those are the engines through which you tyrannize over the poor and helpless: you will practise no such arts on me, or you will do it at your peril!"

How bravely he spoke out!

Crime makes cowards of some men, but not all.

The embarrassment of the innocent is often mistaken for guilt, while the hardness of the guilty will deceive the most experienced.

Jasper Newton had not forgotten his handsome foe, lying drowned like a rat in a hole in the darkness and loneliness of the wood, while he uttered these bold words.

No, he had not forgotten it; but the passion which had inspired the crime blinded his senses still, and rendered him utterly callous and indifferent.

He gloried in it as the consummation of his vengeance, and now set himself deliberately to fight the consequences—as deliberately as he would have set himself to the task on behalf of a client who had sought his legal aid.

Sir Gower was bewildered.

Indignation and defiance were something new in his experience as a justice of the peace.

Besides, there was really little evidence against the accused—setting aside the one act of firing at the carriage—and, in addition to all this, he had to consider how he might best please the prisoner's companion—Jerome, the man he had already discharged.

An awkward and undignified position this for a justice of the peace to be placed in.

But how could he help himself?

In his bewilderment he looked round for Jerome, but that individual had prudently taken advantage of the excitement of the moment to make his escape.

Under the circumstances, therefore, only one course was possible: to have discharged the accused in the teeth of the evidence as to the pistol-shot would have been impossible.

He therefore expressed his determination to remand him, consigning him meanwhile to the care of the chief-constable of the neighbourhood, who had made his appearance at the last moment, fumbling at the buttons of his official coat as he came, in a manner which showed that he had only recently quitted his bed.

At first Jasper Newton appeared to have some intention of resisting; but, seeing no doubt that facts were against him, he yielded, with a proudly defiant manner that had something of dignity in it, fallen and degraded as he appeared.

Late as the hour was the baronet did not at once retire to rest, but, having given instructions that the house should be cleared, sought his library to think over the occurrences of the last few hours—more especially over Jerome's significant and threatening conduct.

To his surprise he found Oliver there.

The handsome youth was pacing to and fro in a restless and perturbed manner.

His face expressed the utmost distress of mind, and his whole bearing indicated extreme mental torture.

"Julius!" cried the baronet, addressing him by the name which had grown familiar to him, "you here?" The youth turned, and fixed on him a look of anguish.

"For heaven's sake let me quit this place!" he exclaimed.

"What! Quit—this—house?" cried Sir Anselm.

"Do you know what it is you ask?"

His face was severe and his voice hard as he spoke.

"I only know!" cried Oliver, with the impetuous warmth of ingenious youth, "that my life here is intolerable to me, and that I can endure it no longer!"

"Indeed! Is it so hard to you to play the gentleman's son?" was the sneering reply.

"Oh, no, no! Do not speak in that tone!" pleaded the other. "Listen to me, and judge of my feelings and all that makes me loathe and detest myself and the part I have assumed. You know me, Sir Anselm, only as a poor lad raised to sudden fortune, and you believe that for this good fortune I ought to be grateful to you and to heaven?"

"Clearly. What is there you desire that you do not possess?"

"What! Everything!"

"Indeed!"

"Everything that can bring peace of mind, or restore to me the happiness that I have sacrificed."

Sir Anselm frowned.

"Was your position so good, then, before you came here, that you see nothing in the change but cause for regret?"

"From your point of view, Sir Anselm, from the world's point of view," replied Oliver, proudly, "I had no position: I had nothing to lose, everything to gain."

You do not know who it is you have taken under your roof. I will tell you. Your belief is that I was poor and friendless, and you were right. But I was more. I was disgraced. I was brought down to that level at which society held I had no longer any claims on it, and that it had no longer any duties to discharge towards me."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said the baronet.

"No! Another moment and you will. It was my misfortune to be the son of a criminal, and to be reared among those to whom crime is second nature."

"I thought as much—go on."

"Before I had reached the age at which the children of the rich have not left the nursery, I had become familiar with the inside of a prison, with every prospect of improving that familiarity."

"You are frank. But your confession is a little late!"

"It is not completed yet. While yet a lad, I had passed through those gradations which qualified me to be regarded as desperate, almost hopeless. As a resource, I was condemned to a reformatory. There I remained three years—"

He hesitated.

"And then?" asked the listener.

"I left it—for this place."

Sir Anselm groaned, and paced the room impatiently.

"In heaven's name!" he then burst forth, "why am I made the depositary of these secrets? Did I ask you for your history? Is it a comfort to me, do you think, to know that I have been compelled to adopt as my son one who deserves a place beside any ruffian in the Newgate Calendar? You might at least have been silent—"

"No!" cried Oliver, "that is no longer possible. Bear with me, and I will explain why. What I have told you you readily credit—who does not believe the worst of his fellow-creatures? What I am going to add you will receive with contemptuous incredulity. For I swear that this is as strictly true—"

"You swear it!"

"Yes; and if my words fail to bring conviction to you, the act to which they are the prelude may help to do it. That which I swear is, that I have been innocent of all these crimes for which society holds me in such abhorrence."

"Innocent!" cried Sir Anselm. "You did right to think I should not credit your word. Innocent—oh, no doubt, no doubt!"

"The crimes for which I have suffered," retorted the youth, proudly, "have been the crimes of my associates. In one instance only was I convicted on my own act, and of my perfect innocence in that case I have proof—absolute proof."

"Which you did not produce at the right moment?"

"No."

"I thought not."

Oliver trembled as he answered:

"You at least, Sir Anselm, may spare me your taunts. The evidence of my innocence must have come from the lips of your own daughter—"

"Hush!"

The baronet rose in dismay, and looked nervously towards the door.

"It is the truth," Oliver persisted; "but it is useless to speak of this. Enough that throughout my life I have been unfortunate, but not criminal. I have been the sport of a destiny that has stood in the way of honour, but has saved me from degradation. Yes, until I entered these walls I may have fallen, but I have not been degraded. Oh, sir," cried the ingenious youth, with a sudden outburst of enthusiasm, "you who have been reared in luxury, and surrounded by all the advantages that rank and wealth can offer, it is not for you to realize what constitutes the happiness of the poor and friendless. You do not know, you cannot realize the sustaining power of the one thought that has warmed my heart under all my troubles—the thought that, in spite of appearances, and of the consequences they have brought on me, I have been innocent as the child at its mother's breast."

As he spoke, his eyes flashed, his face glowed, and his open brow, from which he shook back the tangled locks, was raised with conscious dignity.

Noble of soul and pure of heart, he stood before the baronet like some young hero of romance, some star of the old chivalric days, when honour and purity, loftiness of soul, and dignity of bearing were qualities held in peerless estimation.

And, as the baronet listened to words with which he had no sympathy, he nevertheless felt himself humbled and degraded before this outcast of the prisons and the streets—this *prince chevalier* of the dreary life, whose only patent of nobility was derived from his brave and noble nature.

"And to what does all this lead?" Sir Anselm asked, after a moment's pause of involuntary admiration.

"To this," said Oliver: "That I can no longer endure the position in which I have placed myself."

"Which means that you will forfeit your word, and play the traitor to those who have confided in you?" sneered the baronet.

"If you will view my conduct in that light," said Oliver, mournfully.

"Will view it?" exclaimed the other; "in what other light can I view it? You have undertaken what you fear to carry through, and you wish to blind me with romantic reasons for your want of faith. You think that it is possible to retrace your steps and to regain that mountain top of virtue from which your descent has been so rapid. You are mistaken. The descent is easy: the return is impossible."

Oliver hid his radiant face in his hands and groaned.

He dared not enter into details as to the causes that had induced him to take the step he now so bitterly lamented. The baronet was in no mood to hear that it was love of his daughter that had induced him to enter on a career which he so painfully felt had sullied at every move the purity of his nature and robbed him of the consolation of self-approval.

Growing desperate with this reflection, he resolved to curb his tongue, to offer neither explanation nor argument, but to state firmly and decisively the determination at which he had arrived.

"It is in vain that we bandy words," he said. "I can no longer sustain a part that is hateful to me. The fiction my presence here supports must end sooner or later. Better that it should do so at once."

"Are you distraught?" demanded the astounded listener. "In your care for your own feelings, have you considered the position in which I am placed? You have been recognized as my son: on what pretext can I account for your disappearance? To do yourself justice, you commit a wrong that you can never redress. But this is folly. The step you propose is impossible."

"It is, nevertheless, one that I must take."

"How! You dare me? You think yourself a match for one who has the interests I have at stake? And you believe I shall suffer you, who know so much, who can compromise me so deeply, to depart as if you were neither important nor dangerous to me?"

The youth coloured with indignation.

"You distrust me?" he asked.

"Well?"

"You think I shall betray your secret?"

"No doubt, so far as you are in possession of it. My knowledge of the world does not lead me to believe in the sublime virtues that blossom in prisons and reformatories, and attain their ripe perfection at the hulks."

Oliver drew himself up proudly.

"Enough," he said; "nothing can alter my determination now."

And he would have quitted the room.

Sir Anselm saw him rise, saw, as in a flash of light, the danger, the exposure, the terrible and inevitable consequences that must result from Oliver's departure. Maddened at the reflection, he dashed forward, and caught at the shoulders of the proud youth:

"Stay! You shall not go!" he exclaimed.

"Shall not?"

He echoed the words with indignant emphasis.

"Not to-night, at least," pleaded Sir Anselm, as he staggered from the repulse.

The tone of the request might have suggested treachery, but noble natures are not suspicious.

"As you please," replied the confiding youth, bowing as he quitted the apartment.

The next morning, early, a mounted groom set off to obtain the attendance of a medical man.

Oliver was in a raging fever.

## CHAPTER XLVI

### PLAYING FOR A CORONET.

"Is done—I mount! I rise above the clouds;

My brain grows giddy,

Who touched me? 'Twas a cold and deadly hand.

It makes me shrink.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

WHILE these scenes were enacting at Gorewood Place, where, it will be asked, was Jacintha Gasparo, whose fertile brain, and heart, hard and cold as the other millstone, would have been invaluable at such a juncture?

A few words will account for her absence.

It has been seen how the ambition of this haughty and unscrupulous woman, long depressed, had risen with the change in her position. Such is usually the case. There is a homely proverb as to the effect of setting a beggar on horseback, and in this case it was strongly verified. The sudden accession of wealth and position seemed to turn the Italian's brain. She set no limits to her arrogance, her effrontery, the privileges she claimed, or the homage she exacted.

At Gorewood Place she soon reigned paramount;



her will was law; her orders overruled those of Sir Anselm Gower, while she took especial delight in exciting the jealousy of his lady, and covering her with scorn and ridicule before the servants, and even before visitors.

It seemed as if a demon had suddenly awakened in her heart, and impelled her onwards, though it might be to her own destruction.

From the moment Oliver had by her arts obtained a footing in the house as the acknowledged heir, she grew yet more haughty, disdainful, and uncompromising.

To all protestations she had but one reply:

"I have made you and I can unmake you. Your fall and your exposure no longer involve mine. I am independent, and I am inexorable."

And it was so.

Bitterly, oh, most bitterly, did her former patrons, now her victims, rue the hour in which they had yielded up their liberties into such hands. The thought of it robbed their wealth of its enjoyment, their lives of happiness—it degraded, debased, and overwhelmed them with anguish and anxiety.

But it was too late to draw back.

The act had been done; it could not be reversed.

Secure in the knowledge of this, the grand, majestically formed woman, whose charms had burst forth into a second summer in the autumn of her life, yielded herself up wholly to ambition and enjoyment. She dressed with lavish cost and extravagance; rode and hunted, took carriage exercise, attended public displays, cultivated the great families, and in all this only dragged the baronet and his lady, unwilling slaves, at her heels.

The neighbourhood stared and wondered.

She did not care. That pleasant little fiction of her relationship to the Gowers, and of the property she had recently inherited stopped investigation. Or when it did not, as in the case of Mrs. Vivian Gower, who boldly expressed her incredulity, the haughty woman met inquiry by taking the bold position that she had no time to satisfy idle curiosity as to her private affairs.

There was one family, that of the Earl of Morant, whose seat was some few miles distant from Gorewood Place, from whom the Gowers had for special reasons always held aloof. They were politically opposed, and moreover the earl had innumerable daughters, and it had never been policy to invite them to Gorewood.

But to this family Jacintha Gasparo had now gone on a visit!

This result had been brought about in this manner.

It happened that one luxurious afternoon, Jacintha having attired herself with the utmost care in one of the gorgeous toilets she had recently adopted, had strayed into the grounds, book in hand, to enjoy the air and indulge her own rose-tinted reflections.

Across those rose-tints there came a shadow or two, particularly in reference to that mystery at the railway-station, where she had submitted to a robbery of all her rich jewellery without a murmur. These shadows of thought absorbed her, and it was almost with surprise that she found herself in a remote portion of the grounds where a trickling cascade fell with wondrous music into an irregular lake, on which innumerable water-lilies reposed, their blossoms, white and red, investing it with peculiar loveliness.

Still more to her surprise, as she drew near there was another sound less familiar than that of the cascade. It was occasioned by the dipping of oars in the water, and by the time she had reached the margin of the lake, the cause of this became visible in the appearance of a boat, such as she never remembered to have seen there before, cutting with its sharp keel through the beds of lilies.

A single oarsman occupied the boat.

Jacintha saw this—saw that he was a stranger—was drawing back in some confusion, when he ran his shallop up the bank and sprang on to the green-sward before her.

Then she noticed that he was a tall, handsome fellow, with hair as black as jet, manly, regular, bronzed features, a pleasant smile, a singularly easy and graceful carriage, and the bearing of a highly bred gentleman.

"You are startled?" he asked, in a deep, round, manly voice. "Really, I owe you a thousand apologies for my audacity."

The lady bowed.

"You came from the east end of the lake?" she asked.

"From the other end—yes: couldn't resist the temptation, I assure you."

"The water is tempting," said Jacintha.

"The water! Now you are joking. You don't suppose that I came here for a row? A man who has pulled stroke in his University eight doesn't row in a duck-pond for pleasure."

"Then why—"

"Is it possible that you can be blind to my admiration? I have looked it a hundred times within these few days—we are neighbours, you know—have been for six and thirty hours, ever since I came back from Italy to take possession of my box yonder—he pointed to the towers of Morant Abbey, above the tops of the intervening trees—"and I swear to you that all these hours you have never been out of my mind."

"Quite an eternity of admiration, is it not?" said the pleased, but coquettish woman. "Still, I do not understand—"

"What right I had to come here? Exactly. That is precisely the point. I have no right, and I have no apology for intruding, except that impulsiveness was always the strong point with the Morants, and I have it stronger than the rest of them. I ought not to have been here—trespassing, you know, and all that. And I ought to have got an introduction, and to have inquired if it were agreeable for me to visit, and, hang it, I had better get back with my boat at once and set about it in the orthodox way. Will you permit me to wish you good-day, and—au revoir?"

He lifted a flapped straw hat which he wore, and which shaded his bronzed face and throat, and with an easy bend was about to retreat.

But Jacintha was too good a tactician.

"'Tis the new earl," she thought, and her heart palpitated audibly.

"Is it absolutely necessary that, as neighbours, we should go through all the conventionalities?" she suggested, with a winning smile.

Of course the earl protested that it was not, and, taking advantage of the concession, began to rattle on in his easy, fascinating manner, touching first on one topic and then another, till he had told all his travels, and had ended by declaring that Jacintha was the loveliest woman he had ever beheld, and making a half-offer of his hand and fortune.

The Morants were indeed impulsive!

Yet there was something so genuine and spontaneous, as well as gentlemanly and well-bred about the earl, that the forwardness which would have been insufferable in a boor, seemed natural and graceful on his part. Besides, real, undisguised admiration for Jacintha beamed out of those honest eyes, and in that face, which was too expressive for diplomacy and the ways of the world.

Jacintha saw this, and the gleam of satisfaction in her heart lighted up her face with unwonted radiance.

"He is an earl and he loves me!"

That was her proud, exultant feeling as he bade her adieu, after an hour's converse, and with a promise that they should meet again at the same time and place next day.

During that hour no question escaped the earl's lips as to Jacintha's position, antecedents, or family. He uttered no syllable implying doubt or distrust. Those were feelings with which he was seldom troubled. And when next day, and the next, his little shallop flew over the blue water, and cut a way for itself among the lily-blossoms, this topic was never touched upon. Once only Sir Gower's name was mentioned, and then Jacintha adroitly proposed that they should seek out the baronet, and that the new earl should have an introduction to him. But this the confiding aristocrat objected to, on two perfectly natural grounds:—first, that it would destroy the interview that he was enjoying so much, and, secondly, that it might compromise the lady, who could hardly introduce a strange gentleman to her—"brother," he said—and she did not contradict him!

This was a false step, but in the moment of gratified pride she forgot that such things as peerages and baronetages existed, and exposed all family relationships.

As she walked back to the house from that interview the thought of this, however, troubled her, but not so much as other thoughts which came thronging into her distracted mind.

"He is an earl, and he loves me!" she repeated—for this had been the burden of her thoughts for those three days. "He loves me more and more, more and more! And I might be his countess! Might—and if I may, I will. Why not? I have dined other things, why not dare this? No, no! I could buy over Jerome's consent, but not—not this." She paused, and the dew of perspiration bathed her brow as she did so. "Not this!" she repeated. "No. He would denounce me on the altar steps. And yet—"

The long, deep silent meditation into which she fell showed how eagerly she was bent on the gratification of her ambition, and how hard was the struggle with which she relinquished it—if that were the conclusion at which she arrived as she re-entered the house.

Next day an opportunity presented itself accidentally for the coveted introduction between the families. Sir Anselm had driven up to the parish church,

some two miles distant, to inspect some renovations in the tombs of past generations of Gowers, in which he naturally took an interest. He was accompanied by Jacintha and Oliver. While they were in the church, inspecting the tombs, a stranger entered, approached, and, evidently surprised at the purely accidental encounter, introduced himself. It was the Earl of Morant. Haughtily received at first, his pleasant manner soon won over his less distinguished neighbour, and the meeting terminated with an invitation to Sir Anselm, his lady, his sister, and son, to visit the abbey.

That invitation the baronet had no intention to accept, and in effect he wrote in a day or two, apologizing for the pressure upon his time, and expressing his regret.

But the earl was not to be deprived of the pleasure of the society of Jacintha through any such trifling obstacle. He therefore drove over to Gorewood, accompanied by his two sisters; and having literally forced an entrance, succeeded in carrying off Jacintha as a guest for a few days at the least.

Thus it happened that the wily plotter was absent while events of moment were occurring—events over which it was desirable that she should exercise an influence.

Days of singular felicity were those to Gasparo's daughter.

The abbey, in its gaiety and liveliness, offered a striking contrast to Gorewood.

It was full of company. Some of the best families of England were visiting there, and the days and nights were passed in a round of festivities.

In all these the favoured guest was a participator. Very willingly she would for once have foregone her ambition and subsided into a subordinate position. This public display of her newly fledged greatness was full of peril and anxiety. The upper classes are studiously nice in pronouncing on the claims of those seeking participation in their privileges; it has always been a reproach against them that they eagerly demand "who" a man is, not "what" he is, and a distinguished personage like Jacintha was not likely to escape in their hands. Her tact and her supposed relationship to the Gowers, however, saved her. The earl himself troubled little about the matter. He was infatuated; he saw a beautiful woman, of queenly manners; he did not, could not doubt but that she came of good family—of foreign extraction it might be—and thus he yielded himself up to his delusion without a suspicion as to the real character of the woman to whom he was thus unmasking his heart.

Not so the earl's sisters.

Women are keen judges of women, and these ladies at once pronounced unfavourably on the interloper. They were little, quiet, dove-like women, with high-church views, and a strong bias in favour of ascetic young clergymen and Sisters of different Orders. Being much older than the earl—there was fifteen years' difference between the age of the youngest and himself—they were quite elderly, and had reached that condition in which love and all such natural emotions are regarded critically and with not a little disfavour.

To these ladies the idea of the earl's marrying was in itself distasteful, since it was sure to upset the quiet, almost monastic life that had prevailed at the abbey before his return from abroad.

But his marriage with "such a person" was not to be thought of.

They decided that even while they were bringing her home in the carriage in meek compliance with his wishes. They decided it still more strongly when they saw "How ridiculous he made himself." And Jacintha saw this, felt that they were enemies, knew that she should have to maintain a sharp fight against them, and she prepared for it.

She could afford to endure their coldness, too, for the earl's warmth was deliciously embarrassing.

Had she been in the first rosy flush of eighteen, she could not have doated on her more or paid her more marked attentions.

This was more particularly the case at a ball given on the third evening of her visit, and at which she looked resplendent. It was evident that the earl was never happy from her side, and when at length she consented to take an ice on the terrace on to which the window of the ball-room opened, he ventured to tell her so.

A deep sigh was her response.

"You are not happy?" he inquired, for the first time alluding remotely to her position.

"Happy!" she ejaculated, with forced gaiety. "Oh, yes! I can scarce be otherwise here, where all are happy."

"Or seem so?"

"Nay, we must not look too curiously below the surface. It is something even to have these moments of forgetfulness."

"You speak as if you had known sorrow," said the earl.

"My life has been eventful," the Italian replied, hardly weighing her words, for her thoughts were on the future even when she spoke of the past.

"And you have had troubles? You have lost—friends?"

"As indeed who has not? The penalty of friendship is the loss of friends. But this is not a time to talk of such things."

"Not if it distresses you."

"You are kind. Had we not better rejoin the dancers?"

"You wish it? For my part I could sit here the night through. But I can hardly expect you to share my feelings. Though for that matter, there is a bond of sympathy between us, a reciprocity of tastes, and views, and sentiments which may in some degree compensate to you for the strong admiration that animates my breast. It would sound like the language of romance did I protest that I love you—passionately and devotedly—"

"My lord!"

She rose as if to withdraw.

"You do not believe in love at first sight?"

She hesitated a moment, her lips trembled, and her frame quivered.

"I am afraid to confess what I believe," she faltered.

"Ah, then, my passion is not wholly unreturned?"

"Do not press me for a reply to-night," she faltered.

"But you will give me a word of hope, of encouragement—"

"Hush, my lord, your attendant!"

As she spoke a servant advanced up the terrace, bearing a gold salver with coffee.

Impatient and annoyed, the earl turned fiercely upon the man.

"Go!" he cried. "What do you here?"

The man drew back astep, so that the light from the nearest window fell clear and full upon his face. Then, gazing full upon Jacintha, he bowed, and slowly retreated.

And she, starting to her feet, gazed after him with a face bloodless and horror-stricken; then clasping her hands across her brow, sank back into the seat from which she had risen, with a piteous groan.

(To be continued.)

THE French Post Office is about to issue two new stamps—one of thirty centimes (threepence), and one of five francs. The first is chocolate-colour, and the second will be violet. M. Barre is employed in engraving the designs which will figure on these new stamps, which will not be ready for the public till the beginning of next January.

ONE of Sir Edwin Landseer's finest pictures, painted when his eye, hand, and judgment were in their fullest vigour, has been bequeathed to the National Gallery, under reasonable stipulations, by the late Mr. Newman Smith. The picture is the celebrated "Member of the Royal Humane Society," the noblest figure of a dog that ever looked out from canvas. The picture is to remain with the testator's widow for life. It is then to pass to the National Gallery.

UPWARDS of 200 Roman coins have been turned out of a gravel pit at Stalbridge. The greater portion of them bear the head of Constantine on the one side, and on the other various characters, such as men clad in armour, supporting a banner; a female on a shield; a lamb with a spear, and a variety of others, many of them being in an excellent state of preservation. Some are of copper and others of bronze, the latter being by far in the most perfect state. A quantity of broken pottery, evidently of Roman manufacture, has also been found.

A CONSIDERABLE time ago the discovery of a curious old gold cross and chain at Castle Bailey, near Clare, Suffolk, was noticed, and it was subsequently stated that her Majesty had claimed and received the relic as having been in very ancient times the property of the Crown. Mr. Stephen Jenner now adds the additional information that a reward of £3 has been forwarded to the finder by her Majesty's orders. From researches in the State Paper Offices, it appears that the cross formed at one time a part of the royal collection of jewels belonging to King Edward III., for it is recorded that he had among his jewels, kept for safe preservation in the Tower of London, "Un croys d'or double overe de trifure que est dela croys Jhesu Crist, et ne puit estre prise." "A cross of gold which represents the cross of Jesus Christ, set with pearls, and cannot be valued." This description exactly answers to the cross found at Clare. How this precious royal jewel came to be found in the ruins of Clare Castle is thus accounted for. It was the common practice of our sovereigns in former ages to bestow on their children and grandchildren, as wedding-gifts, rare jewels and relics; and, as Edward III.'s granddaughter Philippa was married to Edmund Mortimer,

the Lord of Clare, and upon her marriage came to reside at the castle, she in all probability had this jewel given her on the occasion, and it was by her taken to the Castle, where it got lost. What confirms this history, almost beyond all doubt, is the fact that this particular jewel, before described in old French inventories which are extant of the royal jewels. Thus this once royal jewel, which has been buried at Clare, lost for 500 years, has once more come into the royal possession. There is a receptacle in the centre of the cross which is supposed to have at one time contained a fragment of the "true cross."

## KENMORE.

### CHAPTER III.

"SIR ALDRED," he said, trying to hide his trouble beneath a smile, "I had thought that I would allow you to occupy Thorwald's apartments. He has gone to Perth; but his groom informs me that he may return to-night."

"My lord," cried the guest, "I beseech that you will borrow no trouble on my account. Give me a pallet of straw anywhere beyond the reach of the rain, and I shall be content."

"But that would hardly content me," added the earl. "I should rest but very little if I thought Kenmore could furnish no better keeping for an honoured guest. But the fact is, my dear Sir Aldred, most of the bed-chambers of the castle are just at this time in the hands of the workmen. They have never been properly finished since the keep was erected, and in view of the tournament which is soon to come off here, I have concluded to make them comfortable at once. I have just been through them with my steward, and I find them all in a state of unseemly confusion. Still, we have sleeping-apartments to spare, such as they are."

"Indeed, my lord, you do me injustice if you worry thus on my account. I am used to harder fare than any apartment in your castle could possibly impose. If the spare apartments to which you refer are in the quarters of your retainers, it is all the same to me. You must remember that though our good king has seen fit to adorn me with the cross of the Norman Conqueror, yet I am by birth only the son of a forester."

"If I am not mistaken," said the earl, with much earnestness, "good old Walthor of Lanark, though only a forester, has done much service for Scotland, and Douglas might have found himself ere this without a castle, but for the faith and prowess of this same forester. But, Sir Aldred, though you be not of gentle birth, as our laws go, yet you have claim upon our most exalted consideration. And here, once for all, let me give you assurance that even the royal Edgar himself shall never be more honoured as a guest within these walls, than shall be the brave and true knight whom I love."

Aldred spoke his thanks in modest, grateful words, and after a short silence, Atholbane resumed: "The apartments to which I have referred are not in the outer ballium, but in some respects they are the finest in the castle. They are in that wing of the keep that overlooks the lake, and were originally furnished for the master's own use."

Aldred gazed upon his host with surprise. He saw that a cloud was upon the earl's brow, and that there was trouble in his mind, and presently it occurred to him that he had heard something of unearthly spirits that had appeared in Kenmore Castle.

"My lord," he said, in a hushed tone, "perhaps I have heard of the things that give you trouble."

The earl raised his head and replied, with solemn earnestness:

"You must not think me foolish, Sir Aldred. I am not of those who give credence to every tale of ghost and goblin that old men and women tell, but there is something connected with those apartments of my castle which has given me sore trouble. My father reared this structure, and those rooms were his own, and during the brief period of the existence of my first wife, I used them for mine; but since that time—since—"

"My lord, if the subject gives you pain you need not—"

Atholbane raised his hand as a signal for his friend to be silent, and shortly afterwards he resumed:

"You are young, and comparatively a stranger beneath my roof, but yet I feel like trusting you as I have trusted no one else for years. There is something in your face that invites my confidence and my love. Perhaps you may be induced to spend much time here. You are calm, cool, and brave, and it may be that you can help me to solve the mystery that now imparts so much terror to those chambers beneath the Ghost's Tower."

"Then the western tower already bears that ghostly name?"

"Yes."

"My lord," said the Knight of Lanark, "you can tell me what you please, and you can trust me as you may deem proper. I seek not your confidence, but if you give it to me I will not betray it. Touching this matter of ghosts, I cannot say what I believe; but if such spirits have the power to make themselves visible to mortals, I know not why I should fear them. In fact, I think I should like to try the experiment of an interview, for certainly I never heard of ghosts doing bodily harm to innocent people. If there be such spirits, they seem only to have the power to prey upon guilty consciences."

"Yet," remarked Atholbane, with a shudder, "the innocent as well as the guilty must suffer."

"I grant you that," returned Aldred, "but the innocent have no occasion for bodily fear. Nameless, mystic terror is always the most oppressive, and we are more frightened by those things which we cannot grasp than by such as come within the scope of our ken. But, my lord, I will cheerfully take up my quarters in the Ghost's Tower, and if, upon trial, I find them untenable, I can quit them."

The earl grasped the young man's hand, and thanked him, and then he arose and walked several times across the apartment, his head bowed, and his step slow and solemn. At length he stopped and resumed his seat.

"Sir Aldred, you shall go to the western tower, as you have proposed, but first I feel it my duty to tell you what I know; and when I assure you that you are the first man beyond the limits of my own household whom I have so trusted, you will understand that I rely most confidently upon your silence and circumspection."

"And, my lord, allow me in turn to give you my assurance, upon the honour of a true knight, that your confidence is not misplaced."

"I believe you, Sir Aldred; and now listen to me. Many years ago, when Christianity was first introduced into Scotland, there stood an old monastery upon the site of this castle. It was demolished by the Danes, and in time my father selected the spot, and cleared away the ruins and erected his dwelling. I ought to inform you, perhaps, that the Priory of St. Agatha was erected before my father took up his land, and, as it was to be a home for females, the island was selected, as it would be more quiet and retired than would be the old spot where the monastery had stood."

"There are stories afloat that the grim old ruins of the holy house were haunted by ghosts, and some say that this castle was haunted, too, in my father's time, but I have no faith in that. At all events, I am very sure that my father believed no such thing. Some of the old servants have sworn that they saw with their own eyes ghosts in the western tower during that period, but as my father inhabited those very apartments, and as he gave me the assurance that there was no such thing, I can only believe that the servants were mistaken."

"Their imaginations were probably wrought upon by the fearful stories they had heard of the wandering spirits of those monks who had been so cruelly butchered by the infidel James."

"My first wife was the Lady Maud, sister of our present king, and daughter of Malcolm Canmore. She was beautiful as the first fresh rose of summer, and she was as pure and good as she was beautiful."

At this point the earl's voice faltered, and for a time he bowed his head upon his hand and was silent, but finally he resumed:

"A few blissful months—months of joy and blessedness such as I shall never know again—I passed with Maud. I was too happy—too happy; and she was too good and pure for earth. We lived in the apartments of the western tower, and we were not disturbed. No vision, no sound ever came to mar the brightness of those ecstatic hours. If there were ghosts in the deep vaults, or in the chambers of the turrets, they came not to trouble us."

"At length King Malcolm called upon his warriors to accompany him into Northumberland, whither he was going to punish the proud and defiant earl. I went, and my wife insisted upon bearing me company. At first I objected; but she said her husband and her father were both going, and she would not remain behind; and when I remembered that my stoutest men-at-arms were going with me, and that the castle would be left almost defenceless, I concluded to grant her prayer. She went with me towards the southern border as far as Dumfries, and there, being much worn with fatigue, I prevailed upon her to stop and rest while I went forward with Malcolm into Northumberland."

"I was gone nearly three months, during which time we were almost continually fighting; and as the king was twice wounded, so much of the duty of command devolved upon me that I had no opportunity



to look after my wife. At Cheviot I was myself wounded, and the trampling of a horse upon my head so stunned me that I was given over as dead for awhile by my own men; but I recovered, and was not confined more than a week.

"When we returned into Scotland I hastened to Dumfries, where I learned that my wife had gone towards her home. News had been brought to her that I was dead—that I had been killed in battle. I traced her as far as Thornhill, where at a poor wayside inn they told me she had sickened and died! They showed me her grave in the court of the Monastery of St. Michael, and there I rested, I know not how long. The good monks told me how calmly she had died, and how many masses had been said for her soul; but their words gave me no consolation. It seemed to me then that I should never be happy again in this life, and—I think I have not known true happiness since!"

The earl paused awhile, and then said, with a movement as though he would shake off the deep melancholy that had possessed him:

"I fear I tire you with this recital of my private history."

"No, no," quickly responded Aldred. "It interests me more than I can tell. You cannot speak more than I would hear upon that subject."

"Time," pursued Atholbane, "though it could not restore me to joy, served nevertheless to heal the wound, so that life was endurable; but I found no comfort at Kenmore. Everything here spoke to me too forcibly and too painfully of my lost Maud. I went to England, and spent some months at the court of William Rufus, and on my return I stopped at Lanark and rested with Earl Douglas. His sister Margaret, widow of Eric of St. Philip's, had found a home with him. She was older than myself—five years, and her son was a smart, active lad, in his sixth year. She was very kind to me—very kind indeed—and her brother was anxious that I should take her as a wife.

"I will not tell you how much love had to do with that marriage. At first I did not think I could do such a thing. The vacant place seemed a sacred shrine for the memory of Maud. But my castle would be very drear and lonesome if I came back all alone, and finally I asked Lady Margaret to be my wife. I told her the truth. I told her that I had no fresh first love to give her; and I knew she had none to give me; but she could come and be Countess of Kenmore, and be mistress of my house.

"We were married at Lanark, and shortly afterwards we came hither, and took possession of the apartments which I had occupied with Maud.

"For awhile all went well, but finally came the alarm. Lady Margaret was the first to be troubled, and when she told me that there were ghosts in the old tower I laughed at her. But, in turn, the restless spirits crossed my own path. I heard sighings and moanings in those chambers, and I saw more than one dark-robed presence that could not have been anything human.

"When Earl Douglas came here we gave those chambers to him. He was brave at first, and declared that if ghosts gave him trouble he would drive them off at the point of his sword. They did come, but the result was not as he had promised. In place of banishing the ghosts, he was himself driven from the tower. Others have tried it since that time, and the result has in every case been the same."

"May I ask," said Aldred, "how long it has been since you first observed these things?"

"It has been now almost twenty years," replied the earl. "It was shortly before Edwin was born that I determined to leave those apartments; and I have thought that it was the pressure of terror which Lady Margaret sustained at that time that resulted in the constitutional weakness of my boy. You have noticed how weak and frail he is?"

"In body—yes," replied Aldred. "But he seems to possess a grand and noble spirit."

"He is true and loving," said Atholbane, "and his perceptions are keen and reliable. I think his judgment of men, from first impressions, is almost infallible."

"But of these ghosts, my lord. In what shape have they been wont to appear?"

"Sometimes," answered the earl, with a slight quiver in his tone, "it has been a man like unto one of the old monks, and at others it has been a woman."

"And you have never been able to get your hands upon them?"

Atholbane shook his head.

"Well, my lord, I will try the old tower, at all events; and if I am driven out I shall suffer no more than brave men have suffered before me. The hour is late, and I am ready to follow you when you please to lead the way."

"You will take your sword, Sir Aldred?"

"Yes—it will serve for a companion, if for nothing more."

The earl arose and took up the lamp, and at the same time the young knight took his sword, which had stood in a corner of the room.

Then the host led the way out into the hall, and up the broad stone staircase to the hall above. Thence through a narrow vaulted passage to a wide corridor, upon one side of which were the entrances to a row of bartizans, and here the earl had to stoop low and carry the lamp near to the floor to keep it from the wind that found entrance through the loopholes. Beyond this they came to an angle of the keep where there was a heavy closed door with a key in the lock; having passed which, they found themselves in a winding corridor, with doors open upon one side, and bartizans upon the other.

"We have reached the tower," said Atholbane, "and these doors upon the left hand open to the chambers. What think you will remain here?"

"Of course I will. It is a ghostly place, with this stern beating door, but I have been in worse ones. You had better enter at once, or you may lose your light."

A few steps farther and the earl came to a door, which he opened, and which gave entrance to a small ante-chamber, furnished with chairs, a dressing-table, and a mirror. The mirror, however, was rusted, and covered thickly with dust. Another door opened to a second chamber, broad and high, where the furniture was in better shape.

"This," said the host, "is the best apartment of them all. It is the one which I once occupied, and I think you will find things properly arranged. If you will remain here, I shall bid you good-night."

"I will remain, my lord."

"There is oil enough in your lamp to burn during the night, if you put down a part of the wick."

Thus speaking, the earl placed the lamp upon a table, and having taken a small horn lantern from his pocket, he lighted the waxen taper within.

"There are other apartments upon this floor, opening into each other," he said, "and you can explore them at your leisure, but this I think you will find the most comfortable. Can I do anything more for you?"

"I think of nothing, my lord."

"Then I bid you good-night; and may your rest be peaceful."

#### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the earl had gone, the Knight of Lanark sat down and thought upon the story he had heard. He wondered much that his host should have so trusted him; but the manner in which the information had been communicated to him, especially that part relating to the marriage with the second wife, convinced him that the earl had been so deeply moved that he had not reflected much upon the form of his speech. The more he pondered, the more amazed was he that the nobleman should have opened to him so much of his private history. Atholbane had certainly confessed that true love had never had anything to do with his union with Lady Margaret, and he had given his hearer strongly to infer that that union had been productive of very little happiness.

"No, no," the knight murmured to himself, "I am sure that the earl is far from being a happy man. His old love is buried, and no new love has ever come to fill up the void. But why should he have told this to me? If he seeks my sympathy, he has it already, and if I can be of service to him he may command me."

It was in the story of Lady Maud, however, that our knight had been most deeply interested. By one of those mysterious attractions, which are beyond the reach of analysis, he had been drawn to a love for this lady as deep and abiding as he could have felt for one whom he had known for years; and he fancied that, in the mind of the earl, one, at least, of the ghostly visitants of the tower had some connection with the dead countess. It is true, words had not been spoken to that effect, but, nevertheless, Atholbane had been affected, when speaking of the mysteries of the tower, very much as he had been when telling of the wife whom he had lost. There had been a tenderness of tone, a moistening of the eyes, and a tremulousness of frame at certain points of the ghostly narrative, which would seem to force this conviction upon Aldred's mind.

"Poor Lady Maud!" cried the knight, folding his hands reverently, and raising his eyes heavenwards. "If nothing else come to haunt me, I am sure thy sweet spirit will visit me in my dreams."

After this he arose and looked about him. The chamber was large, with a high, vaulted roof, and the small square windows which, by the sound of the breaking waves, the knight knew must overlook the lake, were some of them closed with thick oaken shutters, while a few, from which the shutters were opened inwards, contained sashes in which were set thin lozenge-shaped sheets of semi-transparent horn.

The wall pierced by the windows was of massive masonry, and relieved by tapestry, while the other walls, which served as partitions, were of oak, and quaintly ornamented with panels and carving.

The chairs were of oak, most of them cushioned, and all large and high backed, while the table and sideboard, of the same material, were elaborately ornamented.

The bed, which stood against the middle of the inner wall, with its foot towards the windows, was broad and high, with a canopy and curtains of faded damask, the woodwork being carved after the pattern of the other heavy furniture. It was certainly a gloomy-looking chamber, and the howling of the tempest, which gave yet no sign of abating, was not calculated to add cheer to the place. The wind fairly screeched as it whirled around the bartizans and angles of the tower, and the rain beat furiously against the exposed casements.

But Aldred had no thought of fear, or unrest on this account. In fact, under ordinary circumstances, the deep music of the tempest would have been a grateful accompaniment, and would have given zest to his slumbers; but he could not, in view of the story he had heard, shut out a certain weird wildness in the voice of the storm that detracted somewhat from its somnolent tendency.

He was very tired, and felt the need of rest, but he concluded that he would not retire without examining the adjacent apartment. So he took up the lamp, and turned first towards the outer face of the tower, where he found two rooms.

The first was somewhat smaller than that which he had concluded to occupy, the walls being hung with blue tapestry, and the chairs covered with material of the same colour.

The windows were larger, and protected from driving storms by projections upon the outside, and the whole arrangement of the furniture indicated that this had been used in former times as a private drawing-room.

It was here probably that the beautiful Lady Maud had spent most of her time after she became mistress of the castle. Beyond this was a still smaller apartment, containing a cistern and a font, a handsome dressing-table, several large oaken chairs, and a large metallic mirror. This had been a bathing and dressing room.

As the knight came back into the blue chamber he observed a carved altar in one corner, upon which stood a cross.

"How many times," he murmured to himself, "has the sweet lady knelt at this shrine?"

And as the words dropped from his lips he set the lamp upon a ledge of the altar and sank down upon his knees, intending to offer up the devotion due from a Christian knight to heaven.

He had folded his hands, the name of his Maker had been reverently pronounced, when a slight rustling behind him as of a silken garment, caused him to turn his head, and he beheld, standing near the inner wall, a female figure robed in black. He caught a glimpse of her face, pale and beautiful, and he saw her white hands folded upon her bosom. He did not move, he did not speak; but inspired with holy awe, he stood and gazed. He had no thought of fear—no thought of terror—no thought but of sympathy with the earnest, prayerful look of that heavenly face. A moment he saw it—saw it as plainly as ever he saw mortal being—and then it disappeared; seeming to fade away into the rich blue tapestry that hung against the wall.

"Lady! lady!" he cried, advancing towards the spot where the vision had appeared, "I am a true knight and you have nothing to fear."

He raised the tapestry, but only a smooth solid wall was visible behind it. It had seemed so real, and the beautiful face had been turned upon him so beseechingly, and so prayerfully, that until now he had not thought of an incorporeal spirit.

But when the bare wall met his gaze, with no door or aperture to be seen, he moved back with the firm impression that the strange presence had not been a dweller in the flesh.

He took up the lamp and examined the inner wall more thoroughly, but he could find no way by which a human body could possibly have found egress.

Slowly and thoughtfully he returned to the large chamber, and after a little reflection he moved on to examine the apartments on the other hand. There was a small dressing-room which he had first entered from the corridor, and adjoining that towards the outer wall was a small bed-chamber. Beyond these were two more chambers with beds in them, which had evidently been used by servants.

Saving a few small closets, these were all the apartments of the western tower, and when the knight had satisfied himself upon this point, he retraced his steps once more to his own chamber, where he very soon sought his pillow.

Touching the ghostly vision which had appeared

to him in the blue chamber, Aldred had no very unpleasant thoughts. Of fear he felt not a particle. So deeply had that sweet face been impressed upon his heart, and so strongly had the prayerful, longing look attracted him, that he felt drawn towards the spirit rather than repelled. In fact, he was determined, if possible, to see it again.

"I am forced to the conviction," he said to himself, after he had laid his head upon his pillow, "that the earl has not been mistaken, and that the old servants may have good grounds for their wild stories. I have certainly seen what I never saw before. It is surely some troubled spirit that haunts this tower—some woman that cannot find rest in the world—perhaps shut out from the abode of angels, and compelled to inhabit earth, though freed from her tabernacle of clay. By my faith, it is most strange how this marvellous presence affects me. I had thought that the sight of a ghost, at such an hour and in such a place, and with such surroundings, would have chilled my heart, but I feel nothing of the kind. Is there not the finger of Providence in this? Does not the immaterial wanderer seek my aid? If she does, she shall have it. If I, in my will of physical strength, can give peace and rest to the unfortunate soul, then I pray that heaven may lead me in the right direction."

"Heaven lead and guide him!"

The words were softly, yet earnestly spoken—clear and distinct—and seemed to come from behind the curtains at the head of the bed. Aldred raised himself upon his elbow and listened, and he plainly heard that same rustling sound that had at first attracted his attention in the blue chamber—heard it for a moment, then all was still save the beating of the storm without. Without terror, without trepidation of any kind, save that feeling of awe which had once before possessed him, the knight arose and elevated the wick of his lamp, and then examined the wall at the head of his bed; but he could find nothing that could help to solve the mystery. Again he sought his pillow, and while meditating upon the strange event his fatigue overcame him, and he fell asleep; and so profound was his slumber that not even the sweet pale face of the ghostly wanderer came to visit him in his dreams.

When he awoke the light of day was struggling in through the lozenges of horn, and when he had started from his bed, and thrown open one of the casements, he found that the sun was well up. The storm had passed, and the only clouds to be seen were those that hung, light and fleecy, over the summit of Ben Lovers.

"I faith!" he cried, as he turned from the casement, "they'll think I am a sluggard. Verily," he continued, as he drew on his hose, "they are all moving save myself. Ha—the horses are already out. The earl cannot be out upon a hunt without me."

He went back to the open casement, but from that point he could not look down into the part of the court whence the sound proceeded.

As he stood there, however, the din sounded louder and louder, and presently he heard a rumbling noise, followed by a heavy crash. He had left the window, intending to throw on his doublet and hasten down, when the door of his chamber was unceremoniously opened, and Edwin came hurrying in, pale and trembling.

"Sir knight," he cried, "I tremble because I am tired; not because I am afraid. But, for all that, there is enough to be fearful of; and my father has sent me to give you notice that we are attacked by a band of marauders. They have gained entrance to the outer ballium, and are now battering away at the doors of the keep."

"Have you men enough with which to meet them?"

"My father fears not."

Aldred stopped to ask no more; but hurrying on before the boy, he made his way as quickly as possible to the ground floor of the donjon, where he found the earl, already in harness, surrounded by a dozen men-at-arms.

"Ah, Sir Aldred," exclaimed Atholbane, "a strange welcome we give you to Kenmore."

"Let me harness first," replied our hero, "and then I will listen to you. My armour is near at hand."

"Your heavy pack is where you left it last night."

"Then, if someone will come and give me assistance, I will very soon be ready for work."

"I can help you," said Edwin, who had just arrived.

Back into the hall, and across into a small anteroom, Aldred hurried with the youth, and there he found his arms and his armour, and in an incredibly short space of time he was clad in tempered steel from top to toe, with a heavy broadsword at his side and his axe in his hand.

"Now, my lord," he cried, as he rejoined his host, "I am ready to listen."

"Do you hear that thumping, Sir Aldred?"

"Aye, as plainly as I heard the thunder last night."

"Never in the whole course of my life was I driven into such a pitiful trap before," said the earl, writhing with impatience. "Thorwald is away with most of my men-at-arms, and I have been caught like a fox in his den. A score of the daring marauders of Inverness, who have their haunts about the dark passes of Ben Nevis, led by a powerful warrior in full armour, have attacked us. They found the drawbridge down and the gate open, and in the outer ballium, to which they gained access without trouble, they found only a few grooms and some half a dozen masons. The gates had been opened by the masons for the purpose of bringing in some of their material which had been left without the walls, and the marauders, who must have been on the watch, seized that opportunity to enter. They have obtained a heavy piece of timber, and are now trying to force the gates of the outer ballium. Our upper bartizans are useless, for every projectile that could be thrown from them is in the outer magazine."

"But where are your crossbows and bolts?" asked Aldred.

"All in the outer ballium, every one of them," groaned the earl. "The most we can do is to stand our ground, and be ready to defend ourselves when the villains gain entrance to the keep. But come with me and you shall see the situation for yourself."

Atholbane led the way to the second floor of the donjon, whither Aldred followed him into a bartizan that overlooked the space in front of the main gate of the keep. The scene that presented itself to the knight's view, considering the force that could be held for resistance, was certainly a startling one.

He counted twenty of the marauders—all stout, powerful, savage-looking men, clad in tough armour of prepared ox-hide, and otherwise armed with spears and javelins.

The leader was a tall, athletic fellow, clad like his followers, save that he wore an iron breastplate and a leathern helmet, the vizor of which hid the whole upper part of his face.

He was armed with a heavy battleaxe, which he carried with ease and grace, and his bearing was entirely superior to that of his companions. Aldred, who judged of men somewhat by their voices, especially when he could not see their faces, listened attentively to catch the tones of this stalwart chieftain, but he listened in vain.

The freebooter's orders were given entirely by signs, and if he spoke it was in a voice so low as not to be heard beyond the ears of those for whom the words were intended.

The wretches had brought a large beam from the outer court—a beam which some of the workmen had used in constructing a platform—and were using it as a battering-ram against the heavy doors of the keep. The barrier was solid and massive, but it had already begun to tremble beneath the repeated blows of the ram.

"My lord," asked Aldred, when he had fully comprehended the situation, "who and what are these men?"

"They are from the bleak highlands of Inverness, and are followers of the cruel Dane, Olaf. They live by plunder, and so impregnable are their fastnesses that no force sent against them has yet been able to capture them."

"And is that Olaf who leads these men?"

"I think it must be, but I do not know. Ha! see how the stout door quivers! By St. Michael! if they gain entrance to the keep we are lost! We can count but fourteen against their twenty, and of our number not one half are fit to bear arms, while of theirs every man is a host in himself."

The Knight of Lanark took one more look out into the court, and then turning to the earl, he said, calmly and firmly:

"My lord, you speak truly. If they gain entrance to the keep we are lost; or, at any rate, the chances will be most decidedly against us. We must prevent it."

"Prevent it, Aldred?"

"Yes. Whatever virtue there is in being the attacking party, where it must be blow for blow, let us claim for ourselves. At the end of this corridor there is a door opening upon the crest of a terrace?"

"Yes."

"And that terrace faces the court?"

"Yes."

"Then let us move quickly to that point, and dash down upon the enemy before they succeed in forcing these doors. We shall not only take them by surprise, but as fully two-thirds of their number have hold of the beam, we shall take them at a decided disadvantage. By the holy rood, I have no fear of the result. My arm is strong, and my axe is heavy, sharp, and sure."

"Sir knight," cried the earl, grasping our hero by the hand, "you have offered the very thing I would have asked. If I hesitated in making the proposition, it was not because I doubted your bravery and your

good-will, but because I thought it presuming somewhat thus to invite an honoured guest to such a work; but it is all understood now. Let us down and call our men-at-arms, and then for the attack. By the crown of David! but they shall find that true knights of Scotland, though but a pair in number, are not to be troubled with impunity!"

"Quick, my lord! I will on to the door and have the bolts removed. Hurry up our men—moments are precious! If they beat down that barrier they will strike us in the rear. Hear it jar! By heavens! it cannot withstand many more blows like that!"

(To be continued.)

## ZEHRA.

### CHAPTER IIL

In one of the private apartments of the Alcalde sat Mohammed VI. Near him stood the Alcalde of Granada, leaning against a casement of one of the windows, and engaged in rolling and unrolling a small piece of vellum he held in his hand. The wound upon his shoulder was not a bad one, and the effects of it troubled him but very little.

"Sire," said Ben Hamed, moving nearer to the king, "what can have led him to our city?"

"I cannot tell," returned the king. "Can you?"

"He says he came to see the country."

"Then perhaps he did."

"But I don't believe it."

"And why not?" queried the king.

"Because the Count of Valladolid is too important a personage to be absent from Leon at the present time on a mere pleasure trip," returned the Alcalde.

"You owe him a grudge, Ben Hamed."

"So I owe a grudge to all the enemies of Granada."

"Tis right you should," said Mohammed. "And to tell you the truth, I like not the presence of that Christian knight here; but yet it would not be safe to molest him."

"If we can prove him dangerous to our government, we may put him out of the way," remarked the wily Alcalde.

"So we can; but how shall we prove that?"

"Leave it to me. If I can make out a charge against him, you will listen to it?"

"I will, by Allah."

"Then I will watch him. And, let me tell you, sire, I like not the manner in which Zehra looks upon the young knight."

"Ha!" uttered the king, half starting from his seat. "Does your daughter look upon the Christian with favour?"

"So she speaks."

"Then you had better beware for yourself, Ben Hamed; for if Zehra come not to me an unstained wife, yours shall be the peril. You had better look to her."

The Alcalde had awakened a passion in the bosom of the king he meant not to have touched; but he apprehended no danger from it. His daughter had been promised to the king, and he was to receive her among his wives when she was twenty years of age.

"I will hold myself responsible for her fidelity," said Ben Hamed. "Charles of Leon shall know that she is bound to you, and then if he dares to—"

"I see what you mean," hastily cried the king. "Let him but stir sedition to her, and he shall suffer. So much for the Christian."

Ben Hamed's eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"Hold a moment," said Mohammed, as the Alcalde turned towards the door. "Now that I think of it, it does seem strange that the Count of Valladolid should have come to Granada unless he had important business."

"So it seems to me," returned Ben Hamed.

"Can you guess at the cause of his visit?" asked the king.

"No, sire."

The Alcalde spoke in a hesitating manner, and a troubled look rested on his features. He caught the keen glance of the monarch, and he seemed uneasy.

"Ben Hamed, you are deceiving me," said the king.

"By Allah, I am not!"

"Have you no suspicions as to the cause of the Christian knight's visit here?"

"No, sire."

"Beware, now."

"Indeed I speak the truth."

"Then why looked you so troubled just now?"

A moment the Alcalde was silent; but a happy thought came to his aid.

"When I spoke I was thinking of his conquering me in the lists. Was not that enough to move me?"

"Perhaps it was," returned Mohammed, still eyeing his officer with a suspicious look.



"And I was thinking, too, of what a dangerous enemy he might prove were his arms turned against our interests."

This touched the monarch where Ben Hamed aimed.

"Watch him! watch him!" he exclaimed. "Let there be but proof enough, and his rank shall not save him."

"I will watch him, sire, and you shall be advised of all his movements."

When Ben Hamed left the royal presence he was followed by eyes that were as keen as his own. Mohammed VI. was a jealous man, and his suspicions were easily aroused. Whether he suspected the Alcalde of duplicity or not, none knew save himself; but that the Christian knight had vanquished his own warriors was enough to awaken his animosity, and the hints of Ben Hamed had not been without their effect.

"I think," said the monarch to himself, after he was alone, "that Ben Hamed knows more of this Christian than he chooses to tell. At all events I'll watch them both. Zehra is mine. Of the Alcalde I want but her, and her I will have. By Allah, but the girl is beautiful, and I think I might love her."

When the Alcalde left the Alhambra he sought his own dwelling, and when he was seated in his private room he sent for his daughter. Zehra entered his presence with a meek step, and remained standing before her father.

"Zehra," said Ben Hamed, "you only want three short months to make up your twentieth year."

The fair girl shuddered, but she spoke not in reply.

"You will then be the wife of our king," continued the Alcalde, eyeing his daughter sharply.

"A wife!" uttered Zehra.

"Yes."

"How many wives has Mohammed now?"

"I don't know."

"He has a wife?"

"Certainly."

"And does he love her?"

"Love her? Why, I suppose so."

"Then how can he love another?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean what I ask, father. If the king loves his present wives—or one of them—how can he love another?"

"Why, he will love you more than all the rest."

"Yes, as he loves the baubles that please his fancy. To-day they are worn with selfish pride—to-morrow cast coldly aside. That is Mohammed's love."

"Pooh! The king can love that which pleases him, and you will be sure to please him. You have health, wit and beauty."

"Yes, father, and one other thing I have—a heart!"

Ben Hamed looked at his daughter without speaking.

"I have a heart, father," continued Zehra, with much emotion; "a heart that holds all my stores of weal and woe."

"Well," dropped from the Alcalde's lips. He was puzzled, for at solving the mysteries of the human soul, where virtue and love were its components, he had not the power. He had been only in the habit of viewing those baser passions that go to make up the attributes of selfishness and ambition.

"I can never love Mohammed," said the fair girl.

"What do you mean by love?"

"I mean that I can never place his image upon the altar of my soul, and offer up to it my heart's devotions. I mean that I can never look upon him as one who possesses those attributes I could love to worship. He is loathsome to me."

"If Mohammed loves you, that is enough."

"But Mohammed cannot love me as I would be loved. He cannot feel that high emotion of soul that constitutes the true love of a husband. He can love only as the sensualist loves. He can admire beauty while it lasts; but he has no love for the being after the beauty has gone."

For some moments Ben Hamed looked silently upon his child.

"You have promised to be the king's," he said, at length.

"No, father. You once spoke with me about it, and then I told you that I had no power to oppose you."

"And of course you cannot oppose me now. This talk about love is all nonsense. You should feel happy and proud to think that you are looked upon with favour by the king."

"And do you mean that I am really to be given to Mohammed?" she asked.

"I mean that you will be his wife."

"Then you will doom me to lasting misery."

"No, no, my child. If you are miserable it will be your own will make yourself so. I mean that you shall be happy. I wish you to remember that you are to be the king's wife."

"Father," said the poor girl, with a powerful effort

to maintain her composure, "it cannot be that you will make me miserable."

"You know what I have said. My sacred promise has been given to Mohammed, and I am held responsible upon my peril."

"Then would that kind heaven might tear out my heart and place a stone there in its stead. Oh! I had not thought I was to be forced to this. I had not thought that I was to be sacrificed to the selfish passions of Mohammed against my will."

"We have spoken enough, Zehra," sternly said the Alcalde. "I would only put you on your guard, for the king will not brook disappointment."

"On my guard against what?" asked the girl, looking up through her gathering tears.

"Against doing anything to break your relationship to the king."

Zehra turned away and left her father's presence. When she was alone, her heart sent forth its bitter grief unchecked. She knew that her parent had spoken of her being made a wife to the king; but until the present time she had thought of it more as a dream than as a reality.

She could not think of Mohammed—a man older than Ben Hamed himself—without a loathing shudder, and now that the idea of being his wife—and such a wife!—was brought home to her soul as a reality, she was crushed into the dust of torture.

To be a mere bauble in the harem of the sensualist was more than she could bear. Her heart sought a kindred love—a higher, nobler station, and as she wept in her misery, she could not but feel that all of life was gone unless she could throw off the yoke that her father had placed upon her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK had passed away since the day of the tournament. Charles of Leon had been the observed of all observers; for nearly everyone in Granada had recognized him as the knight who gained the victory in the lists.

The universal attention he attracted prevented him from noticing those who were dogging his steps as spies upon his actions; but such there were, for the Alcalde had taken care that the Christian knight should not escape his espionage.

What Ben Hamed had in his mind was locked up in his own bosom; but sure it is that he had a secret dread of the count, and he meant to take measures, if possible, to thwart any designs the Knight of Leon might have had in coming to Granada. He set his spies upon the Christian, but he only told them that the stranger might be dangerous to the kingdom.

It was evening—late in the evening—and Charles of Leon stood by an open window and looked out upon the city. He had dismissed his esquire, and the latter was already snoring in an adjoining apartment.

The full moon rode high in the heavens, and, save a few fleecy clouds that hung like masses of light down here and there in the azure vault, all was clear and bright.

The air was balmy and inviting, and the young Christian resolved to walk forth and enjoy it. At first he thought of arousing Pedro; but upon second thought he concluded to go alone, the better to enjoy the scene, and the better to commune with his own thoughts.

A light Moorish turban hung in the apartment, and this the knight placed upon his head. A Moorish mantle, too, he threw over his shoulders, for he wished to escape impertinent observation; not that he had fears for his personal safety, but he liked not the curiosity of which he was so generally made the object.

He passed down to the hall with a light tread, so that he might not awaken Pedro Bambino, and as he gained the street he paused for a moment to consider upon the direction he should take. The loud murmuring of the rapid Darro fell upon his ear, and he resolved to seek the river.

Several of the city guard were in the long street that led towards the Alhambra, but none of them intercepted the knight as he walked slowly along.

At length he reached the bend of the river. The swift waters were rushing on to join the larger Xenil, and moving along to where a grove of olives threw out their green branches. Charles sat down upon the greenward and gazed thoughtfully upon the stream.

It was a fit time and place for reflection, and the Christian knight dwelt long upon the images of both memory and imagination.

More than once the name of the fair maiden who had bestowed upon him the reward of his victory at the tournament dwelt upon his lips, and when he thought of her, a soft, generous emotion came to his soul. He remembered her bright eye, and her sweet smile, and her gentle voice, and the words she had spoken.

In the midst of his reverie the young count was aroused by a sound near him as if a light foot had fallen upon the sward. He arose to his feet, but he

saw nothing save the olives that grew about him. He would have moved back towards the city again, but he hesitated, as he thought he heard the sound again. This time he was more confident, and ere long he saw an object beyond the grove that seemed gliding towards the river.

Charles took a few steps nearer to the edge of the copse, and he could see that it was a female who had attracted his attention. She was moving slowly along, and occasionally she would stop and gaze about her. She was dressed in a white robe, and the light of the moon enabled Charles to see her form distinctly. Ere long she gained the bank of the river, and, after looking about her a moment, she sank down upon her knees and clasped her hands towards heaven.

Charles of Leon moved nearer to the spot.

Stealthily he glided on, and he heard the words that fell from her lips.

It was a prayer she uttered, in half-broken sentences, and though a sort of calmness pervaded her speech, yet the breath of anguish was plainly distinguishable.

"Great Allah protect me, and forgive me for this, the last act of my life!" uttered the female, and then she let her hands fall upon her bosom as she moved nearer to the river.

Charles of Leon uttered a suppressed cry, and sprang quickly forward. He seized the unfortunate being just as she was about to leap into the rapid stream, and drew her back from the river's bank. A quick cry escaped her lips as she felt the hand upon her arm, and instinctively she turned to see who it was that held her. The bright rays of the moon fell full upon her face, and the Christian knight started with a strange emotion of astonishment as he beheld the beautiful features of Zehra!

"Great heaven!" he ejaculated, still gazing on the face that was turned towards him, "do my eyes deceive me, or is this the daughter of Ben Hamed?"

"Let me go, sir," murmured the girl, as she feebly endeavoured to remove the strong hand that was laid upon her.

"But tell me if I am not right. Is not this Zehra?"

"Alas! it is, sir. Oh, let me go!"

"Hold a moment," said Charles. "Do you recognize me?"

"Yes; you are the noble Christian knight on whom I bestowed the badge of honour."

"And is it possible I have saved you from a fearful death?"

"Death?" murmured Zehra, looking mournfully up into the knight's face. "No, no—it was life I sought."

Charles of Leon was struck by the strange manner of the fair girl, and if he had thought that her mind might be wandering, he was convinced to the contrary while he gazed into her face. All was strangely calm there, and a mournful determination was seated upon her thin, pale lips.

"Will you trust me with the secret of this?" asked the knight, as he gently drew the poor girl farther from the river. "I pledge you my knightly word that I will not betray you."

"And will you let me seek my rest when I have told you?"

"I will try that you have rest," returned the knight.

"Now tell me why you should seek the fearful death you have courted."

"Death to the faithful is but the passage from earth to heaven. 'Tis but to leave the dark shades of sorrow behind us, and bound to the rest of that realm where Allah cannot forsake those who love him. I would have died, because earth is all misery to me now. I cannot live, when to live is but to be unhappy."

"Can one so beautiful as you be unhappy?" said the knight, instinctively drawing Zehra nearer to him and gazing more intently upon her features.

"Beautiful!" repeated the girl. "Alas! sir, it is because I am thought beautiful that I must suffer. Were my face made up of wrinkles and fearful blotches—were my form ill-shapen, and my health, even, gone from me, I might be happy."

"You have not told me yet of the sorrow from which you seek escape."

"Then listen, sir. My father has given me to the king, and I am to be one among his wives!"

"To Mohammed!" uttered Charles. "Impossible!"

"I have spoken the truth, sir knight, and I have trusted to your honour."

"And you have trusted to an honour that is not tarnished," quickly returned the knight, with tender enthusiasm. Then in a lower tone, he added, "You cannot love such a man as he."

"Love him!" cried Zehra. "I can only loathe him. Ah! death were indeed preferable."

"Your father must be indeed cruel. You have given your heart to another."

Charles spoke this almost at random, as he looked into Zehra's face. She was silent for a moment, but soon she replied:

"You mistake me, sir. 'Tis no selfish motive that



[THE SUICIDE PREVENTED.]

moves me. I would only save myself from the misery of the life my father has doomed me to suffer; I have no other object; my heart looks not beyond that escape. Now let me go, sir."

"And if I release you now, will you seek that death from which I have just withdrawn you?"

Zehra bowed her head and gazed long upon the greensward at her feet. She trembled with emotion, and Charles saw tears glisten in the moonbeams as they fell from her cheeks.

"If you leave me now, will you still seek the grave of the Darro?" repeated the knight.

"Oh, sir, I cannot live to be the thing they would make me. I cannot live to feel the affections of my heart withering up in their bloom, and sinking away into the cold grave of misery. I cannot live to know my love must freeze in its earliest flood. I will die."

It was some moments ere the Christian knight dared make reply to this. Those were days when knights held it a sacred duty—a duty of knightly honour—to protect females from the hand of suffering; but this was not taken upon themselves merely as a thing of duty. The heart had much to do with it.

Charles of Leon had entered Granada with a whole heart in his bosom; but since the moment when the Moorish maiden had smiled upon him in his moment of proud victory he had given her a place in his heart.

As he gazed upon her now, he knew that the whole of his heart was hers. There was no thought of expediency in his bosom—no thought of causes and consequences—but he acknowledged to himself the whole truth. Those tears that fell from the dark lashes of the beautiful girl spoke a language to his soul more strong than words, and the keenness of her suffering appealed to his every sense of humanity and knightly honour.

"Fair maiden," he said, at length—and he took her unresisting hand as he spoke—"this is a strange time and place for us to meet, and the circumstances of the moment are more strange still. You must not die—you shall not. 'Tis a fearful thought to dwell upon self-murder!"

Zehra started at the words and the tone in which they were uttered, and she gazed up into the speaker's face.

"Alas! and is it not a fearful thought to dwell upon a life such as that to which I am doomed?" she murmured.

"But are there not those who can save you from such a fate?"

"No. Who shall dare to thwart the king?"

"A bold, true-hearted knight shall do it. Were

Mohammed a thousand times a king, I would dare snatch you from his grasp."

"You?" uttered Zehra, starting with a sudden thrill of deep emotion.

"Yes, fair maiden. If you will trust to me, I swear by the cross that while I live you shall not be the king's."

Zehra bowed her head, and Charles of Leon felt her hand tremble violently.

"Speak to me. Will you accept my pledge?"

"I ought not from a Christian knight."

"But you, too, shall be a Christian. You shall bask under the sunlight of that religion that makes woman sacred—that religion that recognizes the love of the human heart as one of its own brightest attributes. Many of the Moors are Christians."

"I know it," returned Zehra, with her eyes still bent to the ground. "Once I had a nurse who was a Christian, and she taught me your religion."

"And did you not love it? Zehra, could you not be a Christian?"

"I have often thought so."

"And may it not be mine to teach you? Tell me—will you accept my pledge?"

The fair maiden turned her gaze upon the face of the man who spoke to her, and the deep sorrow had given place to a calmer, holier feeling. She thought not of the knight's being almost a stranger to her; she only knew that he was kind, and that he offered her protection. Like the wayfarer through a darkened forest by night, who hails the sunlight with joy, did she bless the heart that had opened its sympathy for her.

"I cannot reject your kind offer," she said.

"And you will trust fully?"

"Yes."

"Zehra, if your happiness cannot be secured in Granada, what then?"

The maiden pointed to the waters of the Darro.

"Know you not that there are other places besides Granada, and besides the Darro?"

"None for me."

"Yes, there are. Surely you would not hesitate to flee this country, if misery alone awaited you here?"

"No."

"You would not hesitate to leave even the roof of your father?"

The maiden started, and withdrew her hand from the hold where it had been resting. Though she seemed on the point of speaking, yet she remained silent.

"Did my speech offend you?" asked the knight.

"No, no, sir. I only thought how meagre are the ties that bind me to Ben Hamed."

"But he is your father."

"You said I might trust you?"

"Most implicitly," returned Charles.

"Then," said Zehra, in a low tone, "I have reason to believe he is not my father; but he dreams not that I hold the suspicion. You would hold me indeed heartless could I willingly fly from the parent that gave me being."

"Not if he were cruel."

"Cruelty, even, may not separate the hearts of child and parent. But I feel that Ben Hamed is not my parent. My old nurse told me he was not, and I have reason to believe her words were true."

"You may be misled," said Charles. "Let us return."

The fair girl placed her hand freely in that of the knight, and together they turned back towards the city.

Charles of Leon would have questioned her more concerning her parentage, but he had too much delicacy. He felt a strange interest in the being who had thus been thrown in his way, and with that impulse which seldom springs up in the heart but once in a lifetime, he had resolved he would love her with his whole love and faith.

Some might say the Christian knight was blind. Perhaps he was, as the world of selfishness goes; but where generous love and kindness of heart can see, there he walked. His was a soul that curbed not those impulses that led him towards the boon of joy, for he had no impulses that were not born in honour.

"Here, kind sir, I will turn off," said Zehra, as they reached a point where a group of poplars and orange-trees reached back to a line of buildings near the banks of the Xenil.

"I will accompany you to the dwelling of Ben Hamed."

"No, no. You might be seen."

"As you will, lady—but ere we part, I would say one word more. When does your father mean to give you to the king?"

"In three short months."

"Then will you accept my knightly faith for your protection? If you will I shall feel authority to serve you."

"I do accept it, sir," returned Zehra.

"Then go your way, and heaven be with you."

As Charles of Leon spoke he pressed the hand he held to his lips, and in a moment more Zehra glided from his sight among the orange-trees.

(To be continued.)





## THE HOUSE OF SECRETS.

BY LEON LEWIS.

### CHAPTER XXV.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,  
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,  
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
And kept her heart serene, within its zone.  
There was awe in the homage which she drew;  
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne.  
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong  
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.

Byron.

Every sense  
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;  
And each fibre of her brain  
(As bow-strings, when relaxed by rain,  
(The erring arrow launch aside),  
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide.

Ibid.

NATALIE continued to gaze after her husband as he journeyed across the moor, her thoughts as bright as the early afternoon sunshine, and her heart as free from care as those of the birds who carolled merrily around her. Seating herself upon a low step of the porch, she gave her mind up to pleasant dreams of a future with the earl—a future that would be an exact reproduction of their love-lighted summer at the cottage near the Grange.

Not a suspicion of his possible treachery disturbed her reflections; not a doubt but that the Fens belonged to him obtruded itself upon her joyful anticipations. She believed herself upon one of her husband's estates, recognized as his bride by one of the faithful old retainers of his family, and soon to be acknowledged as the Countess of Templecombe to the world.

Natalie was simple in her tastes, and singularly unambitious in regard to worldly honours. She, therefore, gave little thought to the position she would take as the earl's wife in fashionable society, but dwelt chiefly upon the delight she would receive on being able to introduce her high-born husband to Mrs. Afton and the grim Aleck, and in visiting at Wycherly Castle on terms of equality with its high-born inmates.

If the simply bred country girl thought at all of gilded saloons and courtly assemblies, it was with fear and trembling, lest she should fail to do honour to her husband's choice, or commit some awkwardness that would bring upon her the derisive smiles of nobler-born women. She would have preferred a modest home, where she would have no one to please save her husband, and where no one save he should presume to criticize her manners or actions.

[LINNET.]

"Oh, if we might always live here!" she said aloud, with a half-sigh. "This lonely spot might be made a very Eden. What blissful lives we might lead here—the world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

Old Elspeth advanced from the threshold, where she had been standing, and said:  
"Don't look the master out of sight, my lady; it'll bring bad luck!"

Natalie instinctively averted her head on hearing this ill omen, and the housekeeper continued, garrulously:

"We're dreadfully out of repair here, my lady. The roof leaks, so't the third storey rooms ain't habitable, and the furniture up there is about spoiled. The master ought to see to the repairs before he fills the house with gay company!"

The young wife nodded assent, and motioned the deaf old woman to a seat on the steps beside her. After some demur, the silent invitation was accepted, and Elspeth said:

"Why, you ain't a bit proud, my lady—just like Miss Kate in some things, though you haven't got her dark, handsome face. Not but what you are beautiful, but yellow air and blue eyes never did belong to the master's family. I like 'em, though. There's a picture upstairs of the Virgin Mary, and she do look so like you. My grand-daughter sets a store by that picture—a good sight more'n she does by me. She's a strange girl, my lady—a mere child like you, begging your pardon!"

"How old is she?"  
"Yes, my lady, she do love flowers and birds. She stays out on the common with 'em days at a time, coming home generally at nightfall, though sometimes she bees gone the whole night!"

"Poor thing!" sighed Natalie.

"Eh?" said the deaf old housekeeper, with a puzzled expression. "Oh, I understand. The garden do need tending to. I'd begun to be afraid it never would get it in this world. If the master would only make it look as it used to! You see the walk down to the gate? Well, it used to be wider, and them trees on each side of it was trimmed up to look like giants, and women, and birds, and monsters. They were beautiful. Many's the time I've seen the Lady Edith pacing up and down that walk with the baronet she didn't marry, and I never see a finer sight! They've lost all taste in gardening since then, I think, for they act'illy let trees grow any way they're a mind to—scramble up anyhow, without shape or pattern. A dreadful shifless way, it seems to me."

Natalie smiled involuntarily, and, taking her smile as an invitation to continue her remarks, old Elspeth observed, anxiously:

"I s'pose the master intends to restore the place entirely and live here as his ancestors on the mother's side did before him?"

Not knowing what to reply, the young wife nodded assent.

"Dear me!" cried the housekeeper, delightedly. "If this ain't splendid! It's enough to make the Wiltons rise out of their graves for joy! Them trees must be shaped out immediate; the garden in front here must be laid out in queer-shaped beds, like they used to be; and lots of old-fashioned flowers must be got to put into 'em. And the house must be new-furnished and repaired and fitted up, and horses must be got, and servants brought—oh, dear! I'm glad I've lived to see this day!"

She continued to vent her delight in reminiscences of the former grandeur of the Wiltons, and with vain wishes that the "Lady Edith" and Miss Kate could have lived to witness the glories to which the Fens would attain under the liberal sway of its present owner.

Natalie listened to her prattle with considerable interest, and was almost sorry when Elspeth declared she must hasten to examine her stores of provisions and make out lists for future wants, but she made no attempt to detain her.

When the housekeeper had retreated within the dwelling the young wife donned her bonnet, took her parasol, and sauntered out into the garden.

There was nothing there to interest her, and she proceeded to the gate, opened it, and passed out upon the moor.

She gave but one glance at the marsh, and the dark river flowing sullenly through it, and then turned her steps to the open moor, which was covered with purple heather.

She turned from the half-defined road and wandered among the heath, stopping now and then to pluck a flower from the sea of flowers around her, startling moor-fowl at almost every step, until she found herself approaching a little knoll crowned with a large flat stone.

Here she sat down to rest, and looked back at the house on the moor, wondering at the distance she had traversed.

When she had fully surveyed the scene, admiring the beauties it presented, and ascertaining that, beside the Fens there was not a dwelling in sight, she took from her pocket the letters given to her by the Lady Leopold, and proceeded to make herself familiar

with the inner life of Amy Afton—her poor young mother.

And thus an hour wore away. "I can read no more now!" murmured Natalie, at length, restoring the precious documents to her pocket and wiping away her tears. "When I read those letters, and learn how loving and trusting my mother was, how she pleaded that I might be acknowledged as the earl's daughter, my heart grows full of bitterness against him! What right had he to wreck two young lives? Oh, Leopolds, dearest sister!" she added, with a burst of grief. "I can never, never think kindly of our common father! I can never forgive him for the misery he wrought!"

Calmer thoughts succeeded, but they brought no feeling of forgiveness for the late Lord Templecombe. Poor Natalie nursed her hatred of her father and her pity for her mother, by dwelling upon the facts she had learned from the letters—but her hatred of the earl did not in the least affect her love for his elder and nobler-born daughter.

In Natalie's eyes, Leopolds was a faultless saint, well worthy of all the honours showered upon her by a loving fate as well as the homage of her younger sister.

She had no envy of the Lady Leopolds, no bitterness towards her, and her sharpest pangs of grief were allayed by the reflection that she was of kindred blood to the lady of Wycherly Castle, and that the latter returned her affection.

She was leaning her cheek upon her hand, half-joyous, half-sad, when she suddenly felt a soft hand laid upon her head.

Starting from her reverie, Natalie sprang to her feet, confronting a singular being.

This being was a young girl, somewhat younger than herself.

She was a slender sprits, not so tall even as Natalie; she was dressed in some thin fabric, brought from the far East, as Natalie soon conjectured, by her sailor father, and it gave her a strange, weird look, with its grotesque patterns and gorgeousness of colouring.

She wore no head-covering, but her brows were crowned with a wreath of heather, having a fantastic appearance.

Beneath the wreath streamed short and uneven locks of a dead-black hue, which scarcely reached to her shoulders.

Her face was remarkable.

Delicate in form and colouring, but little darkened by her constant exposure to the sun and wind, it possessed a wild, strange beauty that almost fascinated the observer.

There was no vacancy in her expression, but a deep melancholy brooded silently in her dark, questioning eyes, and a sad smile flickered about her lips, both look and smile seeming habitual to her.

She had not the look of one who lacks reason, but of one who dwells within herself, who builds air-castles, and dreams gorgeous dreams, without a fear of ever awakening to the dull realities of life.

Not the look of one insane, but of one whose mind cannot bear restraint, whose fancies are free and wild, and who has a nature akin to the wild fawns that roam the forest, or the birds that fill the air with melody.

She was the grand-daughter of old Elspeth Done.

Her father had been the housekeeper's sailor son, her mother had been a farmer's daughter, a shy, delicate girl who had not survived her husband many years, but who had lived long enough to nurture her only child through the few first years of her life.

The young girl had always been as now.

From her birth she had been "strange," as her mother termed it, or "daft," as the old housekeeper called her.

Her reason had never been disturbed by any shock, her life having been always peaceful and happy. Everything loved her, and she found her dearest joys among the flowers and birds of the common, which was to her a pleasanter resort than would have been a palace garden. All she knew of love was the affection she felt for her feathered associates and her old grandmother, but she led as blithe an existence as the birds, and enjoyed the fresh air and the warm sunlight as unconsciously and as gratefully as her favourite flowers.

Natalie almost instantly comprehended the identity of this young girl, and said, very kindly:

"What is your name, dear?"

"Linnest," was the reply, in a musical tone, laden with a gentle melancholy. "I am Linnest!"

"Are you?" asked Natalie, as simply as old Elspeth's grand-daughter had spoken. "Where do you live?"

Linnest silently pointed towards the gray house on the moor.

"Then you are the housekeeper's grandchild?"

Linnest smiled assent, and, in her turn, questioned: "Are you the pretty picture come down from the wall over yonder?" and she nodded her head towards the Fens.

"No. I am a stranger come to live there!" was the reply. "I am Natalie!"

"Nata-lee!" syllabled Linnest. "I have heard the birds sing of you. They were talking of you this very morning, Nata-lee. I am sure you must be my pretty picture come down from its frame!"

Natalie repeated her denial, wondering that Linnest had not seemed surprised at meeting her upon the moor. This wonder was put to rest by the next words the daft maiden uttered.

"I knew something was going to happen to-day," said Linnest, meditatively. "The first thing this morning, before the sun was up, or the pretty dew-drops had hidden away from the flowers, the birds told me something strange would happen before it grew dark again. When I asked them what they meant, they only said, Nata-lee!"

"Then you will like me, I hope!" said Natalie, touched by the simplicity of the strange young girl.

"Like you?" and there was perceptible surprise in Linnest's tones. "Why, of course, I shall. I have been waiting for you a long time, Nata-lee! The birds have been waiting for you too. 'This,' and she indicated the moor, 'will be our pleasant home. You will never want to go over to the marsh, for evil beings dwell there. They come up out of the blackness and dampness. The birds told me so!'"

Natalie humoured the conceit, promising that she should never wish to visit the marsh nor the river, and she then resumed her seat upon the stone, bidding Linnest sit beside her.

The girl obeyed, sinking down at Natalie's feet, and looking up into Natalie's eyes with a strangely reverential expression, as though she had been looking on the incarnation of her favourite picture of the Madonnas.

Secluded as she had always been, she had never before encountered anyone with the tender blonde beauty that distinguished the earl's young wife, and she regarded her gold-hued tresses and deep blue eyes as a grand and living miracle.

Yet she felt no surprise at beholding them.

Her innocent life was so full of miracles, as they seemed to her, that anything, however strange, could not fail to be received by her as a matter of course.

Leaning her arm upon Natalie's knees, she asked, abruptly:

"Did granny tell you I am daft, Nata-lee?"

"Yes," was the hesitating response.

Linnest laughed merrily, her laughter sounding like the musical rippling of water over pebbles, and said:

"Granny tells me the same thing almost every day. Isn't it funny? Granny does not understand what the birds say. Besides, she hears with her eyes. Granny is daft—not Linnest. Granny looks out over the moor, but she sees only flowers and birds. She doesn't know that they talk to each other and to me. She never heard the pretty things they say. She never watched the pretty clouds melt into gold up in the sky—into lovely golden castles where Linnest is going to live some day, with the birds and the flowers!"

Again the daft maiden laughed gleefully.

Natalie endeavoured to draw the mind of Linnest down to the present, asking her where she had learned to speak so correctly, but the young girl shook her head, signifying that she did not know.

"Do you ever sleep out upon the moor, Linnest?" asked the earl's young wife. "Your grandmother says you are sometimes absent from home all night!"

"Granny is daft, Nata-lee. I never sleep on the moor, for the birds go to their nests, you know, and the flowers shut their eyes and go to sleep. I go to my nest!"

"Where is your nest?"

"Over the moor. It's the prettiest little house, with the prettiest little things in it you ever saw. No one lives there, and if it wasn't for me, the poor flowers around it would all die. I give them water to drink, and love them, and take care of them. They know me, and when I come near they shake out the sweetest smells you ever knew. I have fine times over there, Nata-lee, and you shall go with me when the next sun-break comes!"

Natalie promised to make the excursion on the morrow, and led the maiden on to talk of herself and her fancies. They could not be called thoughts.

Linnest needed but little encouragement to prattle on about her birds, her flowers, and her simple pleasures, but Natalie listened, deriving comfort from her incoherent and unconnected utterances.

"She has lost nothing in being unlike other women," murmured the earl's young wife, with a pitying smile. "Her life will never be made unhappy, as mine has been; and doubts and fears will never obscure the brightness of her happiest hours as they obscure mine even now. Heaven help me!"

"Do not look so sad, Nata-lee!" said Linnest, softly.

"There is a shadow on your face like that that some-

times creeps over the moor, frightening my poor flowers. If you look like that, I fear you will go back to the frame!"

Natalie summoned up her cheerfulness and proposed that Linnest should accompany her to the house, and show her the picture which she so much resembled.

The daft maiden consented, and they set out for the Fens.

Their progress was slow, Linnest having to stop every few minutes to point out the beauty of some favourite flower, or to talk to the birds in their own language. Her companion was astonished at her accurate imitation of bird-notes, and when her voice arose in clear, bird-like thrills, gushing forth in wanton melody, Natalie could hardly believe the song issued from a human throat.

The birds answered their friend as readily as they answered each other, and Linnest had many remarks to make to them as she slowly made her way home-wards.

At length they reached the porch of the dwelling, where they encountered old Elspeth, who had come out to meet them.

"This is my grand-daughter, my lady," said the housekeeper, deeming an introduction necessary. "She is a good girl, if she is foolish, and I am sure she will be glad to serve you as your maid."

"Linnest my maid! why, I should as soon think of being waited upon by a wild bird!" returned Natalie smiling.

Elspeth looked puzzled, not having heard the words of the young girl, but, soon persuading herself of their meaning, she remarked:

"Yes, my lady, you will, of course, soon have your own maid to attend upon you, which is very proper and right. But until she comes, Linnest can fill her place. I've got all my lists made out," she added, changing the subject, "and as soon as ever I can get a chance, I'll have 'em filled up. There's chiney to be got, and silver, and linen, and provisions, besides coffee, tea, sugar, and preserves of every kind. Potted meats, we must have. I suppose I must wait for all these until Sir Wilton comes back, though it'll be tough work waiting!"

"Granny's daft!" said Linnest, hurrying past her into the dwelling. "Come in, Nata-lee. Granny hears with her eyes, not with her ears. I want to show you my picture, and see if it was not you!"

Leaving old Elspeth to mutter her troubles and desires to herself, as had long been her wont, the earl's wife followed her guide upstairs to the third floor, and then to a large chamber, upon whose walls hung three or four pictures, none of them of particular merit.

This room was stained and injured by the rain that had penetrated through the cracks in the ceiling. The carpet was irretrievably ruined, and the furniture shared in the general aspect of decay.

Linnest conducted the present mistress of the Fens to the picture that hung in the best light the room afforded. This picture was contained in a heavy, too heavy frame that had once been gilded, but which was now simply spotted and streaked with yellow.

"She is here!" said the daft girl, apparently surprised at beholding her picture in its frame. "So you are not my picture, Nata-lee. But you are as much prettier than she as the birds are prettier than the bird-picture in the dining-room. Oh, yes, you are a thousand times prettier, Nata-lee!"

Natalie was not overwhelmed by this compliment, although she took it in the same spirit as given. To her, the picture was only that of a blonde beauty, with staring blue eyes, the reddest of cheeks and lips, and a Dutch costume—the painter having belonged to that country, and to a school of art peculiarly his own.

When the beauties of the picture had been sufficiently dwelt upon by Linnest, whose opinion of it grew less favourable with every minute's comparison between it and the lovely girl at her side, they went down to Natalie's rooms.

These had been put into perfect order during the absence of their mistress, and the windows had been opened, giving ingress to the fresh air from the moor. A few flowers had been put into the vases upon the mantle-piece, a bright cloth and some books had been laid upon the centre table, and a pile of old music had been laid upon the piano.

The bed-room door stood ajar, revealing the freshly draped bed and the general air of increased comfort within the inner room, old Elspeth having found time and strength sufficient to perform these duties while her present mistress was absent upon the moor.

Linnest brought a low chair for Natalie, placing it by one of the low windows, and took her seat upon a footstool, gazing dreamily out upon the moor.

After some minutes, she broke the silence by exclaiming:

"You won't leave me, will you Nata-lee? I should die if I were to lose you now, after waiting so long for you!"



"But I must go away some time, Linnet!"

"Then take me with you. I do not love to stay here when the frost kills my flowers and the snow buries them all. When you go from the Fens I want to go too. Granny won't miss me!"

She spoke with such earnestness that Natalie was obliged to promise that she should go when and where she went; thinking, as she promised, however, that within twenty-four hours the desire and the promise would be alike forgotten by Linnet.

The daft maiden expressed her content with Natalie's assurances, and sank into another reverie, which lasted until broken in upon by the tinkling of a small bell.

"Granny is calling us!" she then said. "That is her dinner voice, Nata-lee, and supper is ready. Come!"

They went down to the dining-room together.

The table was very neatly laid for one, and, as Natalie seated herself, Linnet retreated to a window, while old Elspeth waited upon the mistress of the house.

"I do not like to eat alone, Linnet," said the earl's wife, after debating the point within her own mind. "So long as his lordship is not here, I would like you to sit at table with me. Bring a cover!"

It required some little persuasion before Linnet obeyed, but when she did her grandmother was loud in her expressions of disapprobation at her presumption, while inwardly delighted at the condescension and gentleness of her young mistress. She compared Natalie to her late Miss Kate, in regard to lack of pride of position, and became as firm an admirer of the former as of the latter.

From that moment Linnet's position towards Natalie was defined as the humble friend rather than servant, and the daft maiden loved her accordingly.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;  
And oft again devis'd somewhat to say,  
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make,  
So loth she was his company for to forsake.

Spenser.

Oh, Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son;  
My life, my joy, my soul, my all the world!

Shakespeare.

AFTER arriving at the decision to send the boy from the castle, Miss Wycherly entered the secret suite of rooms with a guilty feeling, as if she had been conspiring against the happiness of the being whom she loved more than her life, or that life of life—her soul.

She found the lad in the front room of the suite, gazing intently through the ivy screen upon the lawn below. He did not hear her entrance, and Miss Alethea, unobserved, watched him a few moments in silence.

It seemed to her anxious heart that he looked pale from want of exercise, and she reproached herself for having confined him so closely within doors.

Seating herself, she called to him, softly.

On hearing her voice, Arthur started, turned from the window, and with a loud shout of joy rushed to her embrace.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, nestling against her heart, while she clasped him tightly in her arms. "I saw you riding away with Papa Richard, and I saw you when you came home again with Papa Richard and that gentleman nurse says is my enemy. Why can't I have a pony and ride with you and take care of you?"

"You would like a pony very much, Arthur," said Alethea, abstractedly.

"More than anything else! I'd like to ride under the trees in the park, as you did, and I'd go through the wood beyond, and Papa Richard would race with me. May I have a pony, mamma?"

"Yes, darling," and the lady sighed, for the promise cost her a heavy pang. "How would you like to travel a little and then come back to Papa Richard's home, and live with him, and have a pony to ride, and dogs to pet?"

The lad's eyes sparkled with delight, and he cried, breathlessly:

"Are you really in earnest, mamma? Are we going to Papa Richard's to live?"

"You are, my boy!" replied his young mother, sadly.

"And you, too, of course, dearest mamma!" cried the boy, affectionately. "Will that dark gentleman go too—the one who rode home beside you?"

Alethea shuddered, and answered in the negative.

"I am sorry," declared Arthur, disappointedly. "I'd like him to go too. I don't believe he's half so bad as Alison says he is!"

The young mother grew very pale and again shivered, catching her boy closer, as if to shield him from an enemy.

"Arthur," she said, in a tone of solemn warning, "the gentleman of whom you speak is, as Alison told

you, your enemy, and mine! You must always carefully avoid him, for I believe he might harm you, as a revenge upon me!"

"Revenge for what?"

"For something that happened years ago, Arthur. You would not be able to understand it, if I were to explain the whole matter. And if you could understand it, I would not darken your young life with so sad a story. When you shall have grown to be a big man, like Papa Richard, you shall know everything."

The little fellow looked wistfully up into the face of his fair young mother, and then laid his boyish cheek carelessly against her own.

"My boy, my son, my darling son!" whispered Alethea, clasping him passionately closer. "How can I let you go? Oh, how can I?"

Her usually proud face was transfigured by its expression of tender grief, and her usually calm eyes wore a look of terrible anguish. She held him in a fierce clasp, as if she feared he would be taken from her, and wept over him such tears as only a proud and haughty woman can shed, when the great depths of her soul are broken up.

"Are you not going with me, mamma?" asked the boy, with quivering lips.

Alethea shook her head.

"Then I shan't go!" was the decided response. "I won't leave you at all. That gentleman might hurt you—"

"But you must go, darling! I shall be quite safe in your absence! You want to please me, do you not?"

"But it won't please you to send me away!" persisted Arthur. "I shall not go. Nobody can take me from you, and I will not go of my own accord!"

He spoke with a decision uncommon in one so young, and with a spirit that pleased his mother, even while it made her task doubly hard.

She pleaded with him gently, but to no effect.

"You will not do as I wish, then, Arthur?" she asked, at last, tearfully.

The little lad was as gentle as he was spirited, as generous and thoughtful as he was courageous, and he answered:

"If you really wish me to go, mamma, I will go! But I do not want to leave you. Why can't I stay with you, as other boys stay with their mothers?"

"Why, indeed!" moaned Alethea, bowing her face upon the sunny curls of her boy.

Alarmed by a grief he could not comprehend, Arthur could only kiss and caress her, and call upon her to look up and tell him what grieved her.

"Nothing, my precious boy!" was the reply, as Alethea struggled successfully to regain her self-possession.

Arthur was not satisfied with this declaration, but he possessed too much delicacy to press the subject, and lapsed into a fit of thoughtfulness, which he broke at last by the remark:

"Mamma, is Papa Richard my own father?"

"I had not expected to hear that question from your lips so soon, my boy. You are thoughtful beyond your years. Do you not love Papa Richard?"

"Indeed—indeed I do!" was the enthusiastic response.

"That is right. He is your father, Arthur, and it is well for you that you have one so good. Your love and obedience are all the reward he desires for his devotion to you and to mamma; and those I am sure you will always give him!"

The boy assented.

"You will go with him to-night then, and do whatever he desires, will you not?"

Arthur replied, reluctantly, in the affirmative.

That point gained, Alethea proceeded to picture in highly coloured strain the delights of a journey to London by rail, the finest of buildings to be seen after arriving there; the paradises of toy shops, picture shops, and book shops, where a small fortune might easily be expended in a few hours, &c., concluding:

"You will want to buy toys for yourself and foster-brothers, a doll for Ally Perkins, and something for Nurse Alison, who loves you so well. They will all dearly prize a gift from you!"

She drew her purse from her pocket and emptied its glittering contents into Arthur's hands, who received it with an air of manly importance, counting it carefully before he deposited it in his own little embroidered porte-monnaie.

The day passed all too quickly to the young mother and her son, although Alethea devoted every moment to Arthur that she could spare from her guests. She joined them only at meals, then hastening back to the secret chambers, fearful lest a single instant of communion with him should be lost.

She bestowed upon him a multitude of tender, motherly counsels, feeling that he was about to enter upon a new life, and that she might never have another

opportunity like the present one of directing his whole future. She bade him always be brave and truthful, as now; never to sully the purity of his soul by an action which heaven or his mother would disapprove, and to remember that, though they might meet as strangers, her happiness should always be bound up in his.

The little fellow listened patiently to her injunctions, storing them away in his mind, although half-unconscious of their meaning.

For his dear sake, Alethea strove to keep up her cheerfulness, and he had no suspicion of the anguish she was enduring.

Alison brought up his tempting meals, which she always prepared herself, ostensibly for her mistress, who ate little, at the family table, and arranged them neatly upon a round table in the inner room.

Miss Wycherly presided at these repasts with feigned cheerfulness, and Alison waited upon her mistress and her son with her usual grim demeanour.

Alethea, however, observed her more than once turn aside to furtively wipe away a tear, which would come when she thought of the approaching separation.

And so the day wore away.

When the evening shadows crept into the tower chambers, Alison carefully secured the jalousie shutters, drew close the damask curtains, and lighted the lamp that was suspended from the ceiling.

"Play for me now, mamma," pleaded Arthur, leaning against her knee. "Perhaps I shan't hear you sing again for a week!"

Alethea sighed, thinking it might be many weeks and years before she would sing to him again, and signed for Alison to bring her guitar.

It was brought, and, as she ran her fingers over the strings, she murmured:

"I feel as the captive Jews felt when they were asked to sing the song of Zion. My heart seems almost breaking!"

Her prelude was long, but at last she played the tunes young Arthur loved, her voice rising and swelling in waves of music that thrilled the sensitive boy to tears.

When she had finished, she took him again in her arms, as if resolved to hold him to her heart till the last moment, and told him gorgeous fairy tales that caused his laughter to ring out gleefully. And then she told him stories of boys like himself, whose existence was only in her own imagination, who had grown up to be an honour to their mothers and their Papa Richards, and who on arriving at manhood had gone to some warm and lovely foreign land to live with the mothers who had always loved them so tenderly.

"We will do so, too!" said Arthur, making the application she intended. "Can't we go before I get to be a man, mamma?"

"No, darling. You must have an education first, and that can be best obtained in dear old England. Would I might keep you here always, my son! You ought not to be an exile from your native country!"

"That he had not, my lady," said Alison, significantly.

There was a long silence, and then the boy exclaimed, drawing a long breath:

"What a happy day I have had, mamma! I shall never forget it so long as I live! I wish I might have you all to myself every day, but I suppose that wish is selfish!"

Alison soon retreated to the inner chamber, to conquer or give way to the tears that continually rolled up to her eyes, and the mother and son were left alone.

We will not dwell upon that last interview.

It is enough to say that the noblest precepts were instilled into Arthur's ready mind, and that the tenderest counsels were bestowed upon him in tones so gentle and loving that the boy adopted them thenceforward as the rules of his life.

The hours wore on. The clock struck the appointed hour.

With tearless, anguished eyes, Alethea embraced her boy, put upon him his travelling garments, even to his pretty cap, and put into his pocket a paper of sweet cakes to eat upon his journey.

While she was thus engaged, Alison made her appearance with some fine oranges, which she pressed upon the little fellow's acceptance.

"Kiss Alison; good-bye, now, Arthur!" said his mother. "It is time to go!"

The faithful waiting-woman, who had been the nurse of both mother and son, caught the lad up in her arms, and overwhelmed him with tears and kisses.

At length she set him down, and ran sobbing from the room.

"What is the matter, mamma?" cried the boy, his lips beginning to quiver with indefinable dread. "I do not want to go!"

A gentle word from Alethea checked his mur-

mura, and he submitted quietly to be led from the secret chambers, where he had spent many happy hours, to the rooms beneath.

There they stopped while the lady caught up her dress, donned a long dark cloak, with a hood attached, and they then descended the private staircase and gained the lawn by one of the long windows of the morning-room.

Grasping Arthur's hand tightly, she conducted him across the lawn, through the edge of the park, to the spot at which she had appointed to meet Richard Layne.

He was waiting there, standing by the side of his horse, and watching for her.

"I had begun to fear that you could not get away unseen, Alethea!" he said, stepping forward a few paces to meet her. "Is Arthur willing to go?"

"Quite willing, Richard. He knows you will be very kind to him," replied the lady, choking back a sob, and chafing the small cold hand she held.

Richard Layne deemed it best, for the sake of both mother and boy, to cut short the bitter parting, and he said:

"It is time to start. Kiss mamma, Arthur, and let me put you up on the horse!"

The little fellow began to weep bitterly, and Alethea exerted all her self-possession to appear calm and unmoved, as if the separation were to be like those daily ones at the hidden cottage.

"Crying, my boy?" she said, pleasantly. "Crying, when you are going to make a great journey with Papa Richard, and see so many great things, and buy so many presents?"

"Fie, my little man!" said Richard, himself not unmoved; "I thought that you and I, like two happy men, were going to seek our fortunes. Think how mamma will open her eyes when we come back with hosts of pretty things!"

These persuasions had their effect upon the manly little lad, who brushed away his tears, embraced his mother fervently, and permitted himself to be placed upon the steed—the very animal that had always been to him an object of great admiration.

Richard then wrung the lady's hand, promised to be very careful of the boy, and mounted behind him.

The next moment they were riding away together.

How dark and desolate the world looked then to Alethea.

She flung herself upon the ground which the boy's footsteps had last pressed, and wept convulsively, like Rachel of old, refusing to be comforted. She was tempted to call Arthur back and refuse to allow his departure, and only the remembrance of his pale face restrained the impulse.

She knew that fresh air and exercise were necessary to his health, and they must be obtained at whatever cost to herself.

His going was to her something more than a journey to London and a month's stay at Richard Layne's home.

It was to her the sundering of their closest ties, the end of his loving dependence upon her, for Arthur once introduced to society as Richard's nephew must retain that position. There would be no more weeks of seclusion in the secret suite of rooms, for when Arthur should have entered upon his new life it would not be well to puzzle him with recollections of the old existence.

The mother had made a terrible self-sacrifice.

"I shall never again hear his childish lips call me mother," she wailed, in her anguish. "A deep gulf henceforth must lie between me and my son. Will it ever be bridged over? When he attains his manhood, and I call him to me and tell him my story, will he believe me and love me and trust me? Or will he condemn his mother and turn from her with anger and loathing? Will he even curse my name? Oh, my boy, my Arthur!"

Her wailing ceased, a deep and voiceless anguish taking possession of her being.

After a while she looked up at the stars, which gleamed coldly upon her through the rifts in the foliage of the trees, and her look was full of passionate pleading.

She looked long and steadily, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, her soul perhaps looking beyond those stars to their Maker, and gradually a calm fell upon her spirit, and the waves of her anguish were stilled.

Arising from the ground, she proceeded towards the Castle, with weak and faltering steps, as if exhausted by her mental struggle.

She had stepped from the shadow of the thickly wooded park upon the less-shaded lawn, when she suddenly confronted the Marquis of Waldemere.

His lordship had been sauntering idly about, his mood not fitting him for the gaiety that reigned in the drawing-room, but he had failed to observe Miss Wycherly when she led her boy from the eastern tower of the Castle.

He was as much surprised at the meeting as the lady. "You in the park, at this hour, Miss Wycherly!" he exclaimed, in suspicious tones. "And in disguise too! Be kind enough to explain this masquerading!"

"I deny your right to any explanation of my movements, my lord," replied Miss Alethea, vainly endeavouring to speak with her usual haughtiness.

"I understand you, madam. You have been holding a meeting with your lover, Richard Layne?"

Miss Wycherly made no attempt at denial of this accusation.

Wearied with her late struggles with her grief, she simply drooped her head despairingly.

"Your manner confirms my suspicions, madam," exclaimed Lord Waldemere, fiercely, his eyes fairly blazing. "Wretched woman, you tempt me to do you an injury!"

"Do it, then!" was the despairing response, and Miss Alethea drooped still lower before her accuser.

"Injure me, if you wish, for I hardly care to live!"

His lordship was struck by her accents. He could not see her face, but her words excited him to farther anger.

"You are tired of life because you fear my vengeance, madam!" he exclaimed. "It will not descend first upon you, so take courage. I shall not harm one hair of your head—if I can help it! But I will wring your heart as you have wrung mine! I will make your life as desolate as you have made mine! I will make you drink of a cup as bitter as that you have placed to my lips! I will make you suffer for my days of bitterness and nights of waking anguish in my hermitage! My hatred shall be poured out upon you!"

Miss Wycherly lifted her head defiantly, and forced a laugh, which infuriated his lordship. He did not notice the whiteness of the lips through which that mocking laugh was ushered, nor the undertone of fear that ran through it. He only felt that she dared him to do his worst, and cried out:

"You defy me, then, madam? It is well. I threatened once, and I warn you again, that I will strike you first through your boy, and then through your boy's father! You cannot avert this fate, and I only wish you may suffer day and night in dreading it! Anticipation will double the suffering!"

He touched his hat with mocking courtesy, and then, unheeding her supplicating gestures, turned on his heel and strode rapidly into the shadow of the park.

Miss Alethea, with feverish energy, hastened on towards the Castle, skirting the drawing-room, through the open windows of which issued gay voices and gleeful laughter, and gaining the private door of the eastern tower.

Here she found Alison waiting for her.

The nurse drew her into the dwelling in silence, locked the door, and without a word, half-led, half-carried her beautiful mistress upstairs to her bed-chamber.

"To Arthur's room!" said Miss Alethea, faintly. "I must be alone. I cannot see anyone to night!"

The picture was swung on its hinges, the hidden door opened, and the waiting-woman carried her lady upstairs to the secret rooms.

"Do you feel better now, my lady?" she asked, anxiously. "This parting has been too much for you, as I knew it would be. There! lay your head on my shoulder and cry as much as you can. Tears will do you good!"

Miss Alethea leaned heavily against her, but made no sound of weeping. Her form was silent and motionless, not even awaying with her breathing.

Looking down upon her marble-like face, in sudden alarm, Alison saw that she had fainted.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

Or the Chelees water, 100,000 lb. contain 28 lb. of solid matter, of which 1·52 lb. of organic and other matters are driven off by incineration. Of the solid matter, 16·1 lb. are carbonate of lime; of which 9·1 are got rid of by boiling, and 7·0 lb. remain.

ENCKE has discovered the existence of a comet having so short a period of revolution that it always remains within one planetary system, and even reaches its aphelion between the orbits of Jupiter and of the small planets. The eccentricity of its orbit is 0·845; that of Juno, which has the greatest eccentricity amongst the planets, being 0·255.

THE ART OF KILLING.—Three new engines in the art of destruction have been invented by a M. Perrot. The first is a musket with three barrels, which project from fifteen to twenty bullets per second, or from 900 to 1,200 per minute. The motive power is compressed air, and the bullets drop without intermission into the barrels from a hopper which contains several thousands: the second machine is similar to the first,

but is mounted on wheels, whereas the first is fixed, being intended for use on fortifications, or on board ship. In the third weapon compressed steam or gas is employed to project stones or combustible matter in sufficient quantities to crush, burn, or bury the besieger in his trenches or batteries. M. Perrot calculates that 2 lb. of projectiles per second may be discharged, which quantity might be increased tenfold, and, supposing the weight of each projectile to be half a pound, and but one man were killed to every hundred shots discharged, the number of men destroyed in twenty-four hours by a single locomotive would be 172,800. The Russian Government wished to obtain possession of those arms, but M. Perrot preferred to reserve his invention for the service of his own country.

## THE TRANSMISSION OF SOUND THROUGH WATER.

THE Committee of the British Association on this subject (for which a farther grant has been made this year) first repeated M. Colladon's experiments, substituting for the bell he employed cylindrical bars of steel from 6 to 8 in. in length, and from one inch to one and three-quarters in diameter. These experiments, which were made for the real purpose of ascertaining if the system could be used as fog-signals, took place at the Polytechnic Institution, and subsequently in the ornamental waters of the Regent's Park.

Employing Colladon's ear trumpet, the sounds were very distinctly heard, and the sounds through the air were separated from them by a distinct interval, even at this short distance. The character of the sound was, however, very different in the two cases, that transmitted through the water being more abrupt, though in both cases they were mere blows or impulses, as the method of excitation was not intended to produce continuous musical sound. The attention of the committee was not directed to the production of musical sounds under water.

Those which appeared to be most available for this purpose were Cagniard de la Tour's Syren, and pipes or whistles in which the vibrations were caused by currents of water in masses of the same liquid.

When limited volumes of water were employed powerful sounds were obtained in both cases, but in large reservoirs they met with an unexpected difficulty, for it was found that musical sounds which could be heard through considerable distance in air became totally extinguished at very short distances from the point of origin in water, even when sounds were produced with considerable intensity in a confined vessel, as a pail or tub. When the vessel was plunged in a large reservoir the sound communicated to the air, which was powerful before, became remarkably deadened, and the intensity was more diminished as the instrument was placed at a greater distance beneath the surface of the water.

The rapid extinction of musical sounds in water renders it almost hopeless to employ them for communicating signals in that medium. The committee propose to revert to experiments similar to those of M. Colladon, and confine themselves to the transmission of shocks or impulses communicated to bars and plates of metal of various form and dimensions.

Dr. Gladstone supplemented the report by observing that he had repeated the more important of these experiments in the sea at Eastbourne. He and his children had taken two boats when there was considerable movement on the surface, and the sounds were produced from one boat while they were listened for from the other. The anaculator employed was a sort of trumpet, across the mouth of which a membrane of India-rubber was stretched. Musical sounds were almost immediately stopped, while an iron bar struck longitudinally could be heard at a very great distance.

In reference to the use of these sounds as fog-signals, the original purpose of the committee, much would depend on what other sounds may interfere. Sounds produced in the air scarcely find their way into water. The reflection from the surface is generally perfect; even the paddle wheels of steamers in the Thames produced little noise under water; but at Eastbourne observations were made on the breaking of waves on the shingle, and it was found that it was necessary to go far from the shore before the rattling of the stones against one another was lost. This noise, like most others produced under water, resembled a series of sharp ticks, totally different from what is heard through the air.

THE comets of 1811 and 1860 recede to a distance respectively of 33,600 and 70,400 millions of miles from the sun. At these distances the attractive force of the sun still subsists; but whilst the motion of the comet of 1860 at its perihelion is 212 miles in a second, or thirteen times greater than that of the earth, its velocity at its aphelion is scarcely ten feet in a second, being only three times greater than that of our most sluggish European rivers.





[THE NEW GRAND HOTEL, SCARBOROUGH.]

## MONSTER HOTELS.

WHAT a change since the time when Albert Smith wrote that clever little book on the "English Hotel Nuisance," and which every autumn after was followed up by letters in the daily press from disgusted travellers, complaining of the extortionate charges and bad accommodation of the hotel-keepers.

Since that time, English enterprise, whetted, or encouraged by the "Limited Liability" Act, has been erecting in the capital and chief towns of our island structures like the "Charing Cross" (of which we gave a notice in No. 137), the Westminster Palace, the Langham, and the Grosvenor hotels; and not only by mere commercial speculations have these hotel companies been started, but by the highest nobility in the land—to wit, the chairman of the Langham is the premier earl of Great Britain.

Of the vast improvements which have taken place since Boswell wrote—"There is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn," our readers may judge by a slight sketch of the internal arrangements and economy of the Grosvenor. First and foremost comes that most modern and most necessary of novel inventions, the "lift." This is in appearance like a large cage, some eight feet square, and worked by a single hydraulic apparatus, which forces it up a shaft to the various floors of the buildings. It is adapted to carry as many as ten persons at a time. The "engineer," as the man who attends to its workings is called, may be said to live almost wholly in the cage, for his services are in constant requisition; and a monotonous existence it is, for he is perpetually at everybody's beck and call. If a gentleman thinks he has left the key of his room below, down goes the "lift," and returns to find that the gentleman had it in his waistcoat pocket all the time.

This "lift" is of course a *sine qua non*, from the immense height of the building. Here, let us remark, that, as in Paris, the higher the apartments the less the price. The residents leave their keys with the chambermaids, who are in constant attendance on each floor, and who take charge of them up to ten o'clock at night, after which hour they are deposited with the hall-porter. *A propos* of keys, there is a peculiarity about the action of the handle of the locks upon all the chamber and sitting-room doors. When closed, the door cannot be opened from the outside, the porcelain knob turning round and round without in any way acting on the lock itself.

The inmate, therefore, has to remember not to close

the door when leaving his room, unless he has taken the precaution to put the key in his pocket. This contrivance conduces greatly to the safety of all property left in the room, as without the precise key given to each occupant, or the master-key, in the possession of the manager, it is impossible to gain access to any of the apartments. On the third floor, after the American fashion, is a barber's shop, where one may be clipped, curled, shaved, shampooed, dyed and altered at a minute's notice. The entire cost, let us add, of the Grosvenor Hotel was £162,000.

The magnificent building of which we give a sketch this week, and which is now in the course of erection at Scarborough, under the superintendence of its able architect, Mr. Cuthbert Broderick, of Leeds and London, was commenced by the Cliff Hotel Company in October, 1863, but is now being finished by the "Grand Hotel Company," into whose hands it passed by purchase in September, 1865.

As our readers will perceive, it is erected on St. Nicholas Cliff, adjoining the entrance to the Cliff Bridge. It is eleven storeys in height, the lowest being about fifty feet above the sands; on the south and east sides (those next the sea) a promenade is formed two hundred and seventy feet long, and twenty-seven feet wide, level with the top of the cliff.

This palatial structure will, in addition to its vast coffee, dining, and drawing rooms, contain about three hundred bed-rooms, and forty sitting-rooms, from the greater number of which, as also from the promenade, visitors will obtain a commanding view of the entire bay. We need scarcely add that the grounds are laid out with great taste.

Scarborough has been called the Yorkshire "Baden." It is, however, something more than a mere watering-place—it possesses a history; for, notwithstanding it is unknown in Doomsday-book, and had no existence at the time of the Conqueror, it possesses an ancient castle, founded in 1136, by William-le-Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness. This castle was for a time the prison of George Fox, the fanatical founder of the Quakers, from which, by the way, he was released just two hundred years ago, on the eve of the great fire which he professed to have foretold. Again: the good people of Scarborough are not a little proud that the celebrated Captain Cook was apprenticed to a grocer at Staithes, in the neighbourhood.

**PRESENTATION OF A RED SHIRT TO GARIBALDI.**—The Female Patriotic Society of Italy have just sent Garibaldi a red shirt, worked by the ladies forming the society. The General has sent a letter of thanks,

in which he says:—"I shall be proud to wear the red shirt, the work of your hands, and regret—at all events for the present—that it cannot be of service to my country. All thanks to you for the valuable gift, and for the abundant care which you have shown to my companions in arms."

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY** is to be heated for the winter. Preparations are now being actively carried on for the reception of the necessary hot-water apparatus for so doing.

The last survivor of Louis Philippe's cabinet, M. le Comte Duchâtel, has been attacked by spinal disease. He has lost the use of his limbs, and at times suffers excruciating torture. Notwithstanding his state of health, he has been out shooting, not on foot, but in a wheel-chair, and shot over the preserves of Chantilly, bringing down considerably more birds than his son-in-law, Prince de la Trémoille, who was out with him. The count's fortune amounts to 800,000*l.* a year. He rents annually the Duke d'Aumale's preserves at Chantilly at the rate of 80,000*l.* (£1,200) for three months.

**THE OTAGO ACCLIMATIZATION SOCIETY.**—At the society's depot improvements have been made, such as clearing, planting, and the erection of aviaries, &c. The following stock has also been turned out in various parts of the province:—Four pheasants, twenty magpies (Australian), two owls (Australian), four laughing jackasses (Australian), five dozen rabbits, and a number of leeches. Many of the above have been seen, and are doing well. The council, hearing that black swans had been seen on Lake Waiholo (supposed to have come down from the north), thought it advisable to turn out one in their position, and they are happy to say they have been informed there are now four young cygnets. Native birds have been sent to Victoria and Chili, and seeds have been forwarded to various countries. The society have a small stock of younger birds, which will be liberated directly they are in fit condition. They have also a few native birds which are about to be sent away for purposes of exchange. The funds during the year were small; but as the provincial council last session voted £1,500, out of which the Government is authorized to give £2 for every £1 of subscriptions, a canvas is made, and a successful result is anticipated. The superintendent urged that the society should earnestly consider the question of how best to introduce salmon, for which fish the Taieri has been pronounced by competent authorities to be the most naturally suitable stream to be found in the Australian colonies.

**A WONDERFUL WELL.**—The world-renowned well of St. Keyne, near Liskeard, famous for its alleged power to confer superiority on that one of a newly married couple who first drinks of its waters, is in a sad state of neglect; the channel which supplies the marvellous water is stopped, the bed of the fountain filled with dry stones. Of the five trees—an oak, three ashes, and an elm—that were so strangely rooted together above the roof of the fountain, but two remain: these are the elm and one of the ashes. The sacred water is still procurable at a neighbouring cottage, from the original spring. The fountain itself is, we are glad to learn, about to be restored to its recent character, so far as it is possible to do so.

#### LONGEVITY OF THE JEWS.

THE high rate of mortality amongst the French and other immigrants of North European descent in Algeria has had the effect of directing attention to the question of innate differences in the vitality of races, and the extent to which certain races, through some congenital organic and dynamic speciality, possess such exceptional vigour and power of vital resistance as to bestow upon them the cosmopolitan privilege of acclimatization upon every spot on the globe on which they may choose to settle.

Contrary to what might have been expected, it is a well-known fact that of all the contingents of the grand army of Napoleon, the natives of Southern Europe, and notably the Corsicans, best supported the rigour of the Russian campaign. And this inherent elasticity of the functions which bestows such peculiar aptitudes and immunities, are we to look upon it as the inheritance of races whose native clime is characterized by great meteorological vicissitudes, by great extremes of heat and cold? Palestine is said to be such a climate, and the Jewish race the most privileged in existence in respect to its powers of acclimatization.

Throughout Europe (with the exception of Norway and Spain, from which he is excluded), throughout Asia, the Jew flourishes as if at home. Even in Africa he exhibits no inferiority to the natives in constitutional vigour. Morocco numbers 340,000, Algiers, 80,000, and a considerable portion of Jewish blood exists in Abyssinia, the mountains of the Atlas, and even as far south as Timbuctoo.

Dr. Neufville, of Frankfurt, states the average duration of life of the Jews of that city to be 48 years 9 months, that of the rest of the population 36 years 11 months. During the first five years of life the deaths of Jewish children are scarcely more than half those of the Christians. One-fourth of the total number of the latter die before they are seven years old, whilst of the former three-fourths attain the age of 28 years. Half of the Christians have succumbed at 36, whereas half the Jews live to be 50. Beyond 59 years 10 months, a quarter only of the Christian population will be found alive; but a fourth of the Jewish live to be 71.

Dr. Glatter has instituted a comparison between the longevity of the Jewish race and three others in the Austrian dominions, from which he finds that out of a thousand persons deceased, the number who attained an age between 70 and 100 were—of Hungarians, 54.4; of Croats, 70.6; of Germans, 86.7; and of Jews, 120.9.

The longevity of the Jews was noticed by Haller, and attributed by him to their sobriety and careful diet—"Nunc longo plerique eorum sobrii fuerant strictique victus."

Doubtless sobriety must be admitted amongst the causes of their longevity, perhaps even as the most potent; but it does not seem improbable that the same energetic vitality that enables them to become citizens of every clime is also operative in prolonging the duration of their existence—has, in fact, endowed them with a longer average term of life.

In India the mortality amongst the children of European soldiers is four times greater than amongst children of similar ages in England. And no instance is known of a third generation of the European race ever having existed in India, all the individuals being of pure European descent, and having been born and reared in the country.

**STRANGE VICISSITUDES OF A FAMILY.**—We learn that a Miss Kemp has been admitted into the Gooanagh Hospital, near Preston, an institution founded by Dr. Bushell in 1735 for "decayed gentlemen and gentlewomen, being Protestants;" and the following extraordinary story is told of Miss Kemp's family connexions: About the time that Dr. Bushell died, a gay young man of high birth married a lady of distinguished origin—the Lady Lucy Montagu, one of the sisters of the late Earl of Halifax. The offspring of this union consisted of a boy and girl, the mother dying while they were infants, and the father speedily marrying again. Frederick, the eldest son of George

II., and then Prince of Wales, was a boon companion of the father of the two children, and in honour of him the boy was called Frederick, while the daughter was named Lucy, after her mother. Both were placed with a foster-mother, named Bradley, relative of a tailor and draper, at that time living in Fishergate, Preston. The boy was taken in hand by his father, who was created first Earl of Guilford, and became an eminent statesman—no less a personage than Lord North. The girl was adopted by her mother's sisters, the Ladies Montagu, and by them educated at Busby House, then the residence of their brother, the third Earl of Halifax. Her fate was romantic and melancholy. Her uncle, the earl, was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and was waited upon by Brett, one of the officials, who succeeded in winning the affections of the young lady—then Lady Lucy North. Her relatives successfully checked the progress of the affair, and, in the revulsion of her feelings, she sought the counsel of her foster-mother, Mrs. Bradley. At that time a son of the tailor and draper was lodging with his relative; he was thrown in contact with the young lady, and proposed to her, and in less than a week they were married in London. Neither of the pair was nineteen, and they settled in Preston—the sister of one of England's Premiers and the daughter of an earl being the wife of a Preston tradesman. One of their daughters married a dyer named Thompson, and the other (the youngest) married a Mr. Kemp, whose daughter has just been admitted to the Gooanagh Hospital as "a decayed gentlewoman."

#### MARIAN'S SECRET.

It was a clear, brilliant morning in February, with the white luxuriance of the newly fallen snow gleaming in pearly ridges on all the window lintels and carved cornices of the tall brown stone house, while the blue sky overhead, dazzling and cloudless, seemed as if no storm could ever shadow its dome of translucent light.

Mrs. Ordway's family were gathered around the breakfast-table in the bright room where the pink and gold walls reflected the ruby sparkle of the fire, and the brown pile of the costly carpet deadened your footstep like the russet moss of some secluded forest dell—a breakfast-table whose silver urn, cut glass, and transparent china indicated the easy circumstances of those who sat around it. The matron herself was fair and rosy, with delicate blue-cup ribbons, and a morning toilet of lustrous blue silk, while Agnes Ordway, her eldest child, was dark and handsome as a gipsy. She knew it, too, this haughty, brilliant Miss Ordway, and had carefully studied her peculiar style in the pink merino wrapper that she wore, with its trimmings of swan's-down and fluttering rose-coloured ribbons.

Two little blue-eyed girls of eight and nine years old were sitting opposite, under the ministering charge of a slender young creature in a quiet brown merino dress and black silk apron, whose timid face and shrinking mien betokened the position she held in Mrs. Ordway's family. Miss Ward was only a governess—a solitary orphan, whose rare accomplishments and unconscious grace of manner were bartered for fifty pounds a year.

Yet she was very pretty, with straight features, and hair of the radiant, glimmering gold that artists rave about, while her liquid brown eyes, large and shy as those of a young gazelle, seemed to melt and deepen at every emotion that stirred the service of her mind. Generally Marian Ward was quite pale, but to-day there was a strange bright flush on her cheeks, and her slender hands trembled nervously as she attended to the unintermitted wants of her two small charges.

"Miss Ward! really I am quite astonished at you this morning!" exclaimed Mrs. Ordway, drawing herself up. "I have asked you twice for another cup of coffee, and you pay not the slightest attention to my solicitations. May I inquire if you are indisposed?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ordway," faltered poor Marian, turning red and white, while her trembling fingers fluttered about the silver facet of the coffee-urn; "I did not hear you—I will endeavour to be less absent-minded in future."

The mollified matron sipped her amber-clear coffee as she turned to her daughter:

"Well, Aggie, you haven't told me about the party last night. Who was there? and what news did you pick up?"

"Everybody was there," returned Agnes, trifling with the handle of her egg-cup. "It went off charmingly—and I gathered one piece of information that was creating quite a sensation in the *beau monde*."

"Yes! What was it?"

"Nothing less important than the engagement of Mr. Delaval."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Mrs. Ordway, biting her lips. "To Miss De Cray, of course."

"No—not to Miss De Cray."

"Agnes, how strange you look! It is not you who have won the best match of the season?"

"Don't talk nonsense, mamma!" said the dutiful daughter, sharply. "No, it is not I!"

Marian Ward rose to her feet in trembling agitation.

"Mrs. Ordway—if you would kindly excuse me—"

"I cannot think of it, Miss Ward—the children have by no means finished their breakfast, and—"

But Marian was gone before Mrs. Ordway had concluded her methodical sentence.

"I don't blame her for running away," said Agnes, laughing. "Mamma, May Delaval is engaged to Marian Ward!"

"To Marian Ward!" shrieked the astonished matron; "to—my—governess?"

"Even so," assented the dark beauty, calmly.

"And this is the meaning of his frequent visits to our house—of the devoted attention he has always paid to yourself and me! And Marian Ward was laying wicked snares for him the whole time! The designing artful little hypocrite, with her great eyes, and her voice you could scarcely hear. I will teach her the consequences of such conduct. I will—"

"Gently, mamma, gently," said Agnes, with a slight motion of her head towards the open-mouthed children, who were eagerly drinking in every sentence that fell from the maternal lips. "Really if May Delaval chooses to fall in love with Miss Ward, I don't see that it constitutes any crime on her part. Take my advice, mamma, and remember that whatever relations you may have sustained towards Marian Ward, Mrs. Delaval will be a person of some consequence in the fashionable world."

And Mrs. Ordway could not but acquiesce in the worldly wisdom of Agnes's view, even while her inmost heart swelled with indignation at the idea of Mr. Delaval's heart having been won by so insignificant a personage as—her children's governess.

"Tell me, dearest, do you love me?"

Now this was a very ridiculous question, inasmuch as Mr. Delaval was well assured of the matter beforehand, but somehow he liked to hold the slender hand in his, and look into the melting brown eyes, and see the colour come and go on the pure cheek, as she confessed, with such shy grace, that she did love him.

"And you are happy now, Marian? Dearest, you told me once that you had never known what happiness was."

"I am happy, May—so happy that I feel as if it must all be a dream. No one ever loved me but you, May."

"My poor little lonely darling. Mrs. Ordway once told me that you had no relatives living. Stay, though; she said something of a brother who had joined the army. My dearest, why do you turn so pale? Has he too gone?"

"Yes—I have lost him," faltered Marian, growing scarlet and white alternately. "Oh, May, please don't ask me any more questions."

"Pardon me, love," whispered the young man, smoothing down the gold tresses with a tender touch. "Hereafter my love shall atone for all that of the dear ones you have lost."

As she looked up, smiling through her tears, Agnes Ordway came into the room.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. Delaval, but there is a man below with a note that he will deliver into no hands but those of Miss Ward."

Marian slipped away, glad of an excuse to hide her flushed cheeks from Miss Ordway's searching black eyes. She was gone scarcely ten minutes, yet when she returned, those same cheeks were whiter than monumental marble.

"Marian," exclaimed her lover, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she returned, in an absent, mechanical sort of way. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you look so strange and pale."

"Am I pale? I am quite well. But, May, I cannot go out with you this afternoon."

"Not go out with me, Marian? But you promised, love."

"I know it, but—but I have changed my mind."

"Nay, dearest, you surely do not belong to the capricious coquettes whose minds vary with every hour in the day? I must have you this afternoon, love. I have promised to take you to my mother's house; she will think it more than strange if you shrink from the appointment."

"To-morrow, May; indeed I cannot go to-day."

May Delaval's brow darkened at a little.

"You say you are well, Marian?"

"Yes, but—oh, May, don't speak so coldly to me!" She burst into tears, and the very sight of those bright drops dispelled the gathering clouds of Mr. Delaval's displeasure at once.

"Let it be as you please, darling; to-morrow will



do equally well for my ride. And now, seal my forgiveness with a kiss."

Long after her lover had taken his reluctant departure, Marian Ward sat motionless in the same attitude—one hand drooping at her side, and the large wistful eyes gazing into space. At length she started up with an effort.

"I must not sit here!" she moaned. "Oh, I was so happy—so happy—and now—"

She went upstairs into her own room, and opening the well-worn desk, counted out five pounds—all that remained of the last quarterly instalment of her salary.

"It is not enough," she pondered, with a despairing pang at her heart. "I must have ten pounds more."

"There was little enough in the scanty jewellery she had inherited from her mother—two or three rings of no great value, and an old-fashioned pin containing hair, whose rim was studded with a circle of rice pearls."

"Mother!" she murmured, pressing the antique trinket to her lips. "I thought never to have parted with this, yet I think even you would bid me sell it now!"

She folded the pin in a bit of paper, and placed it carefully in her purse. Then wrapping her gray shawl about her, and tying the faded strings of her brown silk bonnet, she stole softly downstairs.

"Going out, Miss Ward?" ejaculated Mrs. Ordway, smoothly, as she met her little governess in the hall; "won't you take the carriage?"

"Thank you—I prefer to walk," said Marian, feeling the hot blood surging up to the very roots of her hair.

"Or perhaps you would like Aggie to accompany you? I'll speak to her in an instant."

But Marian's gloved hand checked Mrs. Ordway's oily movements.

"No; I would rather be alone; I shall soon return."

She hurried down the street with a beating heart, feeling like a guilty creature, and never paused until she had reached a little second-rate jeweller's shop, where a dozen clocks were all ticking discordantly together, and an old man sat in the window, peering through a double magnifying-glass at the works of some valetudinarian watch.

"What can I do for you, miss?" he asked, leaving his perch, and slowly coming forward to the counter.

"I want to sell this pin—that is, the setting of it," said Marian, in a low, stifled voice. "How much will you give me for it?"

"Pearls, eh?" said the old man, again taking up his magnifying-glass, the better to scrutinize the gems. "And they must have been valuable in their time. Pretty well kept, too. Well, young woman, what'll you take for 'em?"

"Are they worth ten pounds, sir?"

The old man looked at her keenly. There was a momentary struggle between honesty and self-interest in his breast, ending in a compromise.

"They are worth that and more, miss; I'll give you fifteen for 'em. Will you wait for the hair to be taken out now?"

"Not now—I will call again," faltered Marian, holding out her hand for the fifteen pounds, which the old man slowly counted out.

Down the snowy streets, through narrow thoroughfares and noisome alleys, now threading a precarious passage among contending carts and hacks and drays, and now stealing along in the shadow of mouldering, ruinous walls, went Marian Ward, her heart fluttering like a caged bird, until she reached a shabby three-storey house, whose door, creaking on its hinges, gave an ample view of the carpetless hall and bare staircase.

A fat, bald-headed man started from the angle of the entry as she came in, as if he had been some old spider lying in wait for unwary prey.

"Miles Kepler?" she asked, in a scarce audible voice.

"Kepler? Miles Kepler?" repeated the man, staring insolently into her face. "Yes, he's at home. Did you want to see him, pretty one?"

"If you please, sir," faltered Marian, shrinking yet closer to the wall.

"Well, then, just go up to the third floor, and knock at the second door on the left, and you'll be sure to find him. I only wish I had such a pretty-looking visitor!" he chuckled.

But Marian had not observed, neither had Mr. Noah Meeker, an eager auditor to their brief colloquy, in the person of a tall man, in a surcoat lined with costly sable, who had paused at the foot of the steps, apparently stricken motionless by the voice of the young girl.

"I cannot be mistaken," muttered May Delaval to herself, "and yet—my Marian in a place like this—impossible. Still it was her voice, her figure. Can it be possible that any human being could so closely

resemble her? As surely as I live and breathe, I will not leave this house until the matter is decided."

He boldly ascended the steps, and pushed forward into the doorway. Mr. Meeker interposed his portly length and breadth before him.

"Hold on a minute, sir. Did you wish to see me?"

"Let me pass, man!" said Delaval, angrily turning on him, "or it may be the worse for you."

Meeker shrank back—he recognized the voice and eye. It was scarcely a week since there had been an awkward investigation of his means of gaining a livelihood at the instigation of Mr. Delaval, one of whose clerks had been guided to his cabin by the artful villain; and he still retained a very lively remembrance of the same.

"Certainly, sir," he said, in a subdued voice. "Can I give you any information?"

"I want to find Miles Kepler," said Delaval, shortly.

"Miles Kepler!" repeated Meeker, with a low whistle. "Well, for a gut as didn't want to see no company, he does have a many visitors. Third floor, second door on the left, sir."

It was rapidly growing dusk in the dark entries of the dirty house, and Mr. Delaval could just grope his way up. The "second door on the left" was half-way open, and by the dim light that streamed through one dingy window, he could see Marian Ward's pale face uplifted to a dark, swarthy visage, whose moustache almost touched her forehead. This, then, was Miles Kepler; and Miles Kepler's arm was round her slender waist, and the light hand lay on his shoulder!

May Delaval could feel the blood curdling into ice around his heart as he looked upon this strange group for one instant—then turned away.

"I am satisfied," was his mental comment. "No farther evidence is needed. And I—I have been a blinded, befooled dupe!"

Noah Meeker looked after him as he strode away into the brooding twilight, muttering to himself:

"It wasn't a very long call you made on Mr. Miles Kepler, anyhow."

The gas was lighted in Mrs. Ordway's hall when Marian Ward returned, and the servant who admitted her pointed to a note on the Gothic table.

"It just this morn'g came, Miss Ward. I was going to take it up to your room."

Marian broke the seal with a deep flush on her cheek—she had already learned to recognize her affianced lover's handwriting, but the flush faded into ashy pallor as she read the few brief words on the crested paper:

"When I asked Miss Ward to become my wife, I did not know that I possessed a rival in Mr. Miles Kepler. Miss Ward was obliged to break her appointment with me in order to pay Mr. Kepler a visit. Hereafter I relinquish to him all my claims upon her heart or hand. M. D."

Marian stood an instant as if a thunderbolt had paralyzed her whole being; then murmuring, "It must not be—no, it cannot be!" she ran upstairs to her room, heedless of Mrs. Ordway's eager inquiries.

Kneeling on the floor beside the table, with her bonnet still unremoved, she hurriedly wrote a few brief lines, indistinct and blotted with tears.

"Come to me, May! I can explain it all, if you will but give me an opportunity. Only come to me! Your love was all I had in the world—I cannot lose it thus."

"Joseph," she said to the servant, "will you carry this note to Mr. Delaval for me?"

"Directly, Miss Ward?"

"This instant."

"Yes, ma'am."

Joseph went on his errand with promptitude and departed; yet to poor Marian every second seemed an hour, as she sat there counting the pulses of her own miserable heart. Presently Joseph opened the door.

"Mr. Delaval, miss?"

And as she looked up, with her eyes dimmed by thick-coming tears, May Delaval was standing before her, cold, pale and haughty.

"I have obeyed your summons, Miss Ward; you will oblige me by being as brief as possible!"

"Oh, May! don't speak so to me!" she sobbed.

"How else can I speak?" he asked, in a tone that was somewhat softened, "after—after your interview of this afternoon. Marian, had an angel of light warned me of this I could scarcely have believed him."

"Listen to me, May," she said, passionately. "For the sake of retaining my place in your good opinion, I will reveal what should be a secret to all the world, save yourself. I will put into your hands the life I would fain shield with my own."

"I am listening," he said, coldly.

"May," pursued Marian Ward, "Miles Kepler is my brother."

"Your brother?"

"I said I had lost him," she went on, with burning cheeks and set lips; "I should have said he had lost himself—to duty, honour, and his native land. He was in the army—he deserted, thereby rendering himself liable to the awful penalty of death. Now you have my secret. May, for the sake of the mother who prayed above us both, do you think I did wrong in trying to shield him from disgrace and death? In giving him money to flee the country under an assumed name? Henceforward he is as dead to me and all who once knew and respected him as if the grave had closed over his head. And now, if you choose to break our engagement, May Delaval, you are at liberty to do so. I have done what I deemed to be my duty—not even for your precious love could I do otherwise."

May Delaval's face had glowed into sudden brightness; he folded her in his arms with a tender pride too deep for outward expression.

"Marian! my own love! I have been a villain ever to doubt you. But it is the last shadow that shall ever rise between us. Henceforward I will strive constantly to be worthy of your love."

And, months afterwards, when poor Hervey Ward, safe under the fictitious appellation of "Miles Kepler," was domiciled beneath the broad sky of another climate, and the great dread was lifted off from Marian's heart, she never could think of that dreary winter's afternoon without an involuntary shudder.

"I had so nearly lost you, May," she said, clinging nervously to her husband's hand.

"And I had so nearly sacrificed my life's happiness to a blind phantasm of jealousy," said May, caressingly. "Tell me, little wife, are you happy now?"

And Mrs. Delaval's brown eyes swimming in liquid light made a sweet reply.

A. R.

#### SAGE AND ITS VIRTUES.

"GARDEN SAGE!" said a Glasgow clergyman, "one of the trash tribe, a perfect abomination, good for nothing, used by fools for stuffing ducks who feed for apoplexy." But cooks and doctors differ in opinion, as we shall find presently, for we have no less than 150 different kinds of this beautiful plant, the whole of which are ornamental and natives of every part of the world. Our reason for writing of sage at this time is, that a friend of ours who has leisure to read the newspapers tells us that our doctors are much against the use of tea at this season, as they say that it tends to promote cholera; ergo, we beg to inform our friends and well-wishers that they may have a very good substitute for tea in sage—named from *salvo*, to save or heal, in allusion to its balsmy or healing qualities.

The Chinese will give 4 lb. of their best tea for every pound of dried sage-leaves. A gentleman who owned a valuable and an extensive estate in Devonshire told us that he had often seen shiploads of sage sent from the south of England to China, to be there exchanged for tea. They say they wonder at the Europeans for going so far for tea when they have better tea of their own.

The variety used for tea is *Salvia officinalis*, or common garden sage, of which there are many varieties, differing in the size, form, and colour of the leaves. The Chinese use it as a tonic for debility of the stomach and strengthening the nervous system, and prefer it for these purposes to their own tea.

All the species thrive in light soil, somewhat rich, and are readily propagated by seeds, cuttings, and dividing the roots. It is a remarkable fact, that the essential oil contains camphor, which exists in such quantities in sage and lavender that it has been supposed the separating of it might become an article of commerce.

Sage has a fragrant strong smell, and a warm, bitterish, aromatic taste, like other plants containing an essential oil. It has a remarkable property in resisting the putrefaction of animal substances.

According to Professor Owen, the average proportion of the size of the brain to that of the body in fishes is one in three thousand; but in the carp, according to Blumenbach, it amounts to one in five hundred.

THE Prince of Wales has recently bought the estate of Harewood, twelve miles south-east of Leamington, in Cornwall, for the sum of £26,000. The vendor is Mr. Reginald Trelawny, second son of Sir William Trelawny, who resided there. About eighteen months since his Royal Highness was in treaty for the purchase of an estate in Werrington Park, in Devonshire, some two or three miles to the north of Leamington. After considerable delay the negotiation proved unsuccessful.

A BAKER FINED FOR REFUSING TO WEIGH BREAD. —At the Manchester Police-court, William Pascall, baker, Deansgate, was summoned, under the Act 6 and 7 William IV., chap. 37, sec. 7, to answer an information charging him with having refused to weigh two loaves of bread, purchased by Bridget Lonsdale. It was urged in defence that the loaves were fancy bread. A fine of 20s. was imposed.

## BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER LXXXI.

And thou shalt know, these arms once curled  
About thee, what we knew before.

How love is the greatest good in the world.  
Henceforth be loved, as heart can love,

Or brain devise, or hand approve. *Browning.*

THE morning of the next day found Justin and Britomarte seated together on a sofa in the drawing-room.

"Well, my dearest," began Justin in a low tone, as he took her hand and tried to catch her eye, "is Britomarte prepared to ratify in Justin's favour the promise made by Wing to his wounded colonel?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly, "for it was a promise given unconditionally and for all time."

"And how soon shall it be redeemed, Britomarte?"

"As soon as you please—after you have heard something that I have to tell you. Justin, you have heard a 'secret' in my family history, darkly hinted."

"Yes, and I have heard you plainly assert that such a secret existed. And I have told you that, let it be what it might, it could not affect my love and esteem for you, or my earnest desire to make you my wife."

"Thanks, warmest thanks for your generous trust in me, Justin. The secret, indeed, was none of mine; nor has it turned out to be so dark a one as I had dreaded. Fortunately, it cannot affect us in any manner. But you shall hear it, if only that you may know how it was that I grew up to be a man-hater!"

"I always supposed that there must have been some deep wrong, and suffering at the bottom of all your man-hatred."

"A long succession of wrongs and sufferings! But you shall hear," she said. "There really does seem to have been a spell laid upon the women of our race; for as far back as we can follow our household history, every woman of our blood, from mother to daughter, has married miserably."

"I hope that your marriage will break the spell, Britomarte."

"I know that it will, dear Justin. But the curse really followed or seemed to follow us from generation to generation."

"And is there no tradition connected with it?" smiled Justin.

"None. Why?"

"Because there ought to be, you know. I am afraid your family are not inventive, Miss Conyers. For this is just such a case as requires a tradition to explain it. And such a tradition could be so easily invented, to tell us what ancestress, by what crime, entailed the curse upon all her female descendants. For instance, the tale might run—How in the dark ages a certain fair nun of your race broke her vows of celibacy in favour of a certain gay knight, and in becoming his wife, by that law of retribution which visits the sins of the parents upon the children, entailed upon all her daughters to the end of time the punishment of misery in marriage. You are sure there is no such legend?"

"Quite," said Britomarte, smiling. "And for the want of such a legend in explanation of the mystery, I was obliged to seek the solution of the problem in the inherent wickedness of men. When you hear the rest of my story you will see how I found it there."

"I can even now see that, Britomarte."

"You will excuse me from speaking of my grandfather and my father, though I remember both perfectly well."

"Certainly, dearest, I understand. Whatever a man's faults may be, it is not for his descendants to discover them to others."

"No. But nothing shall prevent my speaking of my brother-in-law. I had one only sister—the daughter of my mother's first marriage, for my mother was married twice. This sister was sixteen years old and I was four when our parents died, and we were left to the care of a grand-aunt."

"Miss Pole?"

"Yes; but she lived in London then, and saw a great deal of company, and kept open house. My half-sister was wealthy, having inherited her father's fortune, which was secured to her; I was perfectly penniless, for my father had unfortunately run through every shilling of my mother's little pro-

perty. While my sister lived single I never knew a want. But she married—married miserably, like all her foremothers had done. Her husband was the celebrated tenor, Adriano di Bercelloni. She heard him sing at an opera, fell in love with him, became mad, blind, desperate, threw herself in his way, went everywhere she could to see him, and finally attracted his particular attention. Mona was very beautiful as well as very wealthy, and very much in love with the fascinating tenor. The bait was tempting, the opportunity good, and so the spendthrift opera singer ran away with the rich heiress."

"Poor, infatuated girl!"

"Oh, she did but follow her fate, as all her predecessors had done before her. But the rage of Aunt Pole was beyond all description. Justin, I have seen something of war, but I have never seen anything so terrible, so horrible as that old lady's roused wrath!"

"I can well believe it. I have seen her once," thought Justin to himself.

"She stormed, and raved, and foamed. She forbade me, on pain of her everlasting vengeance, ever to see, speak of, or think about my sister. I think the root of her bitterness grew in this fact—that she had to leave her handsome house, which really belonged to Mona, and to drag up her showy establishment, which she could no longer support without Mona's ample fortune."

"So that was the secret of her misanthropy."

"Yes."

"Go on, dear Britomarte."

"I went to school, but I could not obey my aunt in regard to my sister. I loved Mona; I had no one but her to love, and all the affections of my heart were concentrated upon her. I could not refrain from writing to her. I knew that Bercelloni was singing in Paris. I wrote to my sister, enclosing my letter to him. In that manner a correspondence was commenced between my sister and myself, which was kept up until her death."

"She is dead, then?" said Justin, gently.

"She has been dead five years. I will tell you all about that presently. In a very short time Bercelloni contrived to run through all my sister's fortune, wasting it upon wine, dice, and other abominations. And then he left her."

"The base villain!"

"He did but carry out the curse, as all his predecessors had done before him. For more than a year I had not heard from my poor sister, when one day, while still at school, I got a letter from her, postmarked London—a letter telling me that Bercelloni had left her, that at the time of his marriage with herself he had had another wife living, although of course she had not suspected it—telling me also that she was in great destitution, that her three children were all ill with diphtheria, and that she had no money to buy them food or physic, and asking me, for heaven's sake, to send her something to keep her little ones from dying of want."

"Oh, my dear, what a sad trial for your young heart to bear!"

"No," said Britomarte, "it was only the family fate. But oh, where was I to get money? I had not a shilling in my purse; I had no jewellery or trinkets such as girls usually have; I had not even a watch; I had only a little gold thimble, the birthday gift of my sister years before. I sold it to a schoolmate. I also sold all my clothing, piece by piece, to the people of the neighbourhood, so that I had but a single change left. I had to do all this secretly, and at the risk of discovery and expulsion from the school. I realized about ten pounds, which I sent to poor Mona."

"Ah, Britomarte! To have had the heaviest burdens of life forced upon you when you were a mere school-girl!"

"It was the family curse. The women, like the mules, had to bear all the burdens, and, like the scapegoats, had to carry all the crimes of the men."

"That is all past now, Britomarte—for ever past. You shall bear no burden, suffer no sorrow that I can intercept and take from you."

"I know it, Justin. I know it. Heaven make me worthy of you and grateful for your love."

"Hush, hush, my dearest. No more of that. Go on with your domestic history. What came next?"

"What came next? Ah, Justin, the money I sent poor Mona only helped to bury her children. They all died. Meanwhile, she found a friend in the widow, of the elder Bercelloni. This poor woman had been the second wife of the father, and was therefore only the step-mother of the son. She was entirely dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood, for her selfish step-son would do nothing for her. But the signora kept poor Mona from starving, and after a while procured her an engagement at the same opera house where she herself was employed as chorus singer. But I weary you with these petty family details."

"No, no, not in the least. All that in the slightest degree concerns you interests me. Go on, pray."

"I heard but little of my sister for the next twelve months. Meanwhile—but how is it that secrets transpire, Justin? do you know? And, above all, how is it that family secrets always come out in an exaggerated form and distorted shape? Can anyone tell?"

"Not I, at all events," said Justin, smiling.

"My sister's story transpired, but in a monstrous form. There were sin and folly, it was whispered, but the folly and the sin were hers, it was said. Suspicion fell even on me, of I know not what fault. Ah, you know that poisonous malaria of slander that hung like a pestilential cloud over me."

"I know! I know! But it has cleared away, my dear—cleared away, and left your sky all bright and sunny."

"For a year or more, being my last year at school, I lived in this deadly atmosphere. Then came the school examination. You remember all that happened there?"

"I remember one thing that happened there distinctly. I met you. And for the first time, and for the whole of my life, I loved. But proceed, my dearest."

"Do you remember while we were on the boat, waiting for her to get up her steam, that a boy came running down from the schoolhouse, and jumped aboard and handed me a letter?"

"That letter! Yes, and I remember your excessive agitation, your retirement to your cabin, your isolation all that day and night, and the awful sorrow on your brow next morning. I remember all, Britomarte."

"That letter was from the Signora Adriano di Bercelloni. It announced to me the news of my sister's awful death. She was found one morning dead in her bed."

"Great heaven, Britomarte!"

Britomarte covered her face with her hands, and remained silent for a few moments. Then she looked up and said:

"Do you wonder now at my strange demeanour on that occasion? You remember that on my arrival, I hastened immediately to the station to catch the train for London?"

"Yes."

"I reached there the next day and hurried to the humble lodgings of the signora and got her to accompany me to the house of my dead sister, where the coroner's inquest was still sitting. There we found the Signor Adriano di Bercelloni under arrest and under strong suspicion. There, partly from the information given me by the signora, and partly from the evidence elicited by the coroner's inquest, I learned these facts: That my sister had recovered her health and beauty, and had made considerable progress in her art and in the favour of the public, so that at the time of her death she was one of the most attractive singers in the house. Bercelloni came to fulfil an engagement there that summer, and to his amazement found Mona a member of the company and restored to all her pristine bloom and beauty, and, indeed, more lovely and alluring than he had ever known her to be."

"Sorrow does sometimes give a last perfecting touch to beauty," said Justin.

"Yes. Bercelloni seemed always to have loved my sister by fits and starts. Now he took a violent fancy to her; a fancy that was stimulated by jealousy into a keen vitality. But while she was very gracious to every other member of the troupe, she would not vouchsafe a word or a look to the man who had so basely deceived and deserted her."

"She was right. Her course was the only correct one."

"Yes, but it maddened him. He fiercely claimed her as his wife, haughtily asserted a husband's rights over her, and absolutely forbade the manager of the opera house to pay her salary to herself! He told her that the story of his having had another wife was a mere canard; that there was no truth whatever in it; that he had only invented the tale to tease her."

"The monstrous villain! Who could believe him?"

"Not she, at all events. She denied his statements, ignored his claims, and defied his anger. He became furiously, frantically jealous. And such was the state of affairs between them, when one morning she was found dead in her bed, as I said. The coroner's inquest, with the usual perspicacity of such bodies, found their verdict, 'Suicide.' And as 'a melancholy case of suicide' it was recorded in the daily papers."

"Oh, Britomarte! to think that you should have had this great sorrow and we who loved you should have known nothing of it! Why, it is even probable that I may have read that very paragraph describing the 'melancholy case of suicide,' without the slightest suspicion that it was in the least degree connected with your life. But tell me how in the name of justice and common-sense did Bercelloni get off so easily?"



"Oh, he proved an alibi by half a dozen witnesses."  
 "Then after all he did not commit the crime?"

"Yes, he did, but by another hand. He was just the sort of Italian villain to hire a low ruffian to do the deed he feared to attempt. And that was the way in which he managed it. Listen, Justin: At the time that I came on my way to you, I went over to see my old aunt, to explain to her why I went to London so suddenly, and to ask her why she had not answered my letter in which I had broken to her the news of Mona's awful death. When I reached the house the very first person whom I saw, the man who opened the door for me, was—Dole, the confidential servant of Bercelloni. His sudden appearance nearly deprived me of my breath. I could not understand why he, of all men, should be there, of all places. But he took my message to the old lady, and while he was gone I went to the kitchen and asked the old cook, Nan, how this man came to be there, and in what capacity he served. She told me that her mistress had advertised for a manager for her farm, and that Dole had answered her advertisement and offered himself, and had been accepted; and, moreover, that he had already obtained a great influence over her mistress."

"Was this person you speak of a very large man with a very small head, closely cropped hair and closely shaven face?"

"Yes; why?"

"I saw him one night when I rode out to inquire for you, that is all. Go on, dearest."

"Old Nan had scarcely finished her account of Mr. Dole, when that gentleman returned to me with the information that my aunt would not see me, and with my unopened letter in his hand."

"What a strange old soul!"

"Well, Justin, I will not weary you with the repetition of all my attempts to see my old relation. They were quite fruitless. She knew that my sister was dead, and how she had died. She knew all that from the public papers, but that did not melt her. She remained obdurate to the last. Patience, dear Justin! my long dark story is almost at an end. I am about to give you the sequel of all this."

"Go on, my dearest Britomarte, and believe that I am listening with the deepest interest and the closest attention."

"I pass on to the week of her death. I was here at the Parsonage helping to nurse your sister at that time, you remember?"

"Certainly."

"The doctor came one morning and announced to me the death of my aunt, and placed a packet in my hand. It consisted of a half-dozen newspapers, with certain passages marked in them. These passages related to the arrest, trial and execution of a man named Norsa, alias Dipper, alias Dole. It was stated that he had confessed to having committed nine highway robberies, seventeen successful burglaries, and five murders. With those papers there was a written manuscript and a note. The note was from the chaplain of the prison in which he was confined. It was addressed to Miss Pole. It explained that the accompanying manuscript was the attested confession of the prisoner. Justin, I have that document by me; would you like to look at it?"

"Not now, dearest; I would rather you would tell me its contents. What did the dying culprit confess?"

"First to having murdered 'Madame Mona,' as my sister was called, for the sum of a thousand pounds, paid him for the service by the Signor Adriano di Bercelloni."

"Horrible!"

"Then to various other offences which would have seemed like felonies except by the side of that one enormous crime."

"You left the Parsonage soon after the receipt of that packet?"

"Yes; I could not maintain my self-possession sufficiently well to make me serviceable in a sick-room, so I hastened away."

"Oh, my dear Britomarte! your experience of men has indeed been very bitter!"

"So bitter, Justin, that it contracted and warped my judgment, until I attributed to your whole sex the follies and crimes that I had found only in the evil men immediately about me! and not only in my own generation and in my sister's life, but in past generations, in the lives of my mother and my grandmother. Yes, Justin, it is true this strange chain of coincidences has run through many generations. If all the women of my race had been like me—proud, defiant, high-spirited, the phenomena might have been easily explained. It might have been said that they were a race of viragoes who had nothing better to expect than misery in marriage. But this was not the case, at least with my immediate foremothers. No gentler women ever lived than were my mother and my grandmother."

"But, Britomarte, these gentle women, by too deep

a submission, ruin their domestic happiness as often as the high-spirited do by their resistance. Men are not gods, dear love, and so they are very often spoiled by women; but there is no danger of your spoiling me in that manner, dear Britomarte," laughed Justin.

"Indeed there is not," she answered; "and for this reason—because you would never abuse the power that the law gives you over the outer circumstances of your wife's life, or that she herself gives you over the inner world of her affections."

"I think you do me justice, dear."

"Ah, Justin, I grew up both in feelings and in principles a man-hater. My narrow, personal experiences gave strength, bitterness and intensity to my feelings, and the frequent discussion of the topic of the day, 'Woman's Rights,' gave form, shape and consistency to my opinions. And I became a very perfect man-hater."

She paused and looked at him.

He was contemplating her with deep tenderness, but he made no observation, and she continued:

"It was at this very floodtide of my young soul's life that I first met you, Justin. And soon, to my consternation, I found that I—a pledged man-hater—was loving you, Justin! loving you with my whole heart, just as all the women of my race had loved men, to their own destruction. How I hated and scorned myself for this love! how I struggled against it, battled with it, trampled on it, tried to tear it up, root it out, and utterly destroy it, you well know!"

"Ah!" smiled Justin.

"Because, you see, I did not believe in man's love. When you said to me, 'I love you—I want you for my wife,' I interpreted your words to mean just this—I like your looks, and I want you for my slave! Can you wonder that I resisted my own love and repented yours?"

He did not answer. He was still contemplating her with ineffable tenderness and infinite love. And as she met his eyes, her eyes softened, beamed and dilated, her cheeks and lips glowed, and her whole countenance grew beautiful and radiant from the soul's inner light and life.

"But oh, Justin!" she murmured, "as my knowledge of you grew, and my love deepened, what a change came over my spirit! First I learned that, though all other men might be false and base, you were true and noble. Next came the lesson learned on the desert island, where I found by experience how utterly helpless woman was without her brother man. I saw that though in civilized countries, which men had already made habitable for women, by the building of cities, houses and roads, the manufacture of furniture, clothing and utensils, and the promotion of arts, sciences and education,—a single woman might live well enough; yet, in a wilderness, where nothing had been done—where there were no habitations, no manufactures, no planted crops—woman could not possibly exist without man; though he might live without her. This was a humiliating truth to the proud man-hater; but it was truth, and as such she accepted it."

"But man would have no motive to live for or to labour, if it were not for his sister woman," answered Justin.

"But now," she continued, "oh, Justin, from being a man-hater, I have almost become a man-worshipper!"

"No, don't!" he said, laughing gaily, catching her hand and pressing it to his lips; "don't do it! In great seriousness, I shouldn't like that. Of the two extreme alternatives, I would rather you should continue to be a man-hater, with a single exception in my favour."

Britomarte smiled at this speech. And before the smile had left her face, Elsie opened the door; but seeing them alone, was about to close it again, when Britomarte called to her:

"Come in, Elsie!"

She entered, saying:

"There is a couple out in the hall, inquiring for General Rosenthal. They are on their way to the North, but have stopped till the next train for the sake of calling to see the general."

Justin immediately went out into the hall, where he found Tom and Judith.

They were looking remarkably well; and the Irish-woman was eager in her expressions of joy at seeing her old friend, and anxious in her inquiries about Miss Conyers, Justin stepped to the drawing-room door and called Britomarte out.

And there ensued a meeting a great deal more noisy and demonstrative, if not so deeply emotional as any we have recorded.

Judith and Tom had made money. And they were now going to start in the grocery and provision line of business. Their time was limited, and they soon took leave, amid the kindest wishes for their future welfare.

Since Britomarte's arrival at the Parsonage she had

noticed that Elsie often looked at her with very roguish eyes.

One month later there were three weddings at the Parsonage.

Captain Ethel and Elsie were married and sent off to Colonel Fielding's country house, to spend a short honeymoon.

And it was agreed that during Ethel's absences at sea Elsie should reside there and keep house for her father, and that should be Ethel's "anchorage" whenever he should be ashore.

General Eastworth and Erminie were united, and started at once for his home, where it was arranged that Doctor Rosenthal should soon join them, with the intention of residing with them.

Justin and Britomarte were the third couple wedded. They went on a short tour to the North.

The very next morning after their arrival, as they were seated together, Justin took up the morning paper, where, among other interesting items, he saw the advertisement of a celebrated lady lecturer, who was announced to deliver a discourse at a certain church that evening on the great subject of Women's Rights.

"Ah, by the way! how about women's rights now, sweet wife?" said Justin, as he called her attention to the advertisement.

"While I live," answered Britomarte, "I will advocate the rights of women—in general. But for my individual self, the only right I plead for is woman's dearest right—to be loved to my heart's content all the days of my life!"

THE END.

#### GOOD LOOKS.

BAPTISTA PORTA, who fills an honourable place amongst the early physiognomists, demonstrated that, great as is the difference which subsists between mankind and brute-kind, the relationship between them is nearer than generally suspected, and that beauty is higher akin to the beast than most people suppose. In most of our species, especially in such of them as in any way had rendered themselves conspicuous among their fellow-men, he detected certain facial characteristics which they possessed in common with the lower animals, tracing, for instance, a close resemblance between the lineaments of the divine Plato and the countenance of a setter dog.

"Many human faces" (Baptista Porta thought that almost all) "have a striking resemblance to particular animals," says Francis Grose in his "Rules for Drawing Caricatures." "Hogarth has given some instances of these resemblances: one in the 'Gate of Calais,' where two old fishermen are pointing out their likeness to a flat fish; another in the portrait of the 'Russian Hercules,' where, under the figure of a bear, he has preserved the lineaments of his poetical antagonist."—Charles Churchill.

Le Brun, the painter, adopted Baptista Porta's physiognomical doctrine, and gave it practical expression by preparing a series of studies of human heads with their corresponding types of the bestial creation, and from a comparison of the two he believed a general law could be deduced, whereby it would be possible to determine, at sight, the disposition and temperament both of the man and his representative among the brutes. Were either of them timid or audacious, savage or placable, he thought it could be ascertained without difficulty at a glance.

He considered the token of courage to be the little protuberance over the nose: in proportion to its size, small or great, was the animal daring or fearful. All great men, and all great animals, he believed to be eminent in the matter of nose—the eagle and Julius Caesar, to wit; and a fine swelling proboscis was, in his mind, the invariable accompaniment of elevation of thought and grandeur of conception, and thus did both Aristotle and Baptista Porta also think of the straight nose blunt at its termination—"tower-shaped," as Sir Thomas Brown phrases it.

Noses, we know, are of all varieties. Grose divides them into the angular, the aquiline or Roman, the parrot's beak, the straight or Grecian, the bulbous or bottled, the turned-up or snub, and the mixed or broken; each of which supplies the indication of its owner's character, as, by some persons, the chin is supposed to do. But the better opinion is that the chin affords a far less reliable index to character than the nose, being less marked and less numerous in its varieties. Indeed, with the exception of the double, the nut-cracker, and the cucumber chin, there is nothing specially remarkable in this feature of the face.

Far otherwise with the nose, of which Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that he generally found a long nose, such as that we have been mentioning, associated with a long head, an admission the more singular as his own nasal development was a striking contradiction to his rule.

When Le Brun propounded the theory of which he was rather the expositor than the author, the inquiry grew current in Parisian society, Who is your beast? Flatterers said there could be no doubt, especially having regard to the nose, judged by Le Brun's standard, that the Prince de Condé had for his congenial nose a beast of the very first rank, at once strong, fierce, gentle, placable, terrible in power, but without full of amenity, courtesy, and graciousness. Mirabeau, on the other hand, with his amplitude of hair, his expansive and expressive countenance, to which the small nose had lent a singular appearance, his massive jaws and shaggy eyebrows, all suggestive of both Power and Will, what inferior (if inferior) animal could he recall to the mind but the lion of terrible paw and deep-depending mane?

### FACETIÆ.

A YOUTH declares that his sister is so tender hearted she can't be induced to strike a light.

#### OBVIOUS.

One exceedingly warm day in July, a neighbour met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," says Joe. "If it wasn't for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw." "What is that?" inquired his friend. "There's nothing froze," says Joe. The man went his way, much enlightened.

AN Irish editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

DEAN SWIFT, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, drily remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

AN Irish authority assures us that a farmer is bringing an action against Lord Portarlington to recover the value of his damaged hay, which he neglected to put under shelter on the faith of his lordship's fair-weather prophecy.

AN apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round-top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer honour!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

#### RIGHT END UP.

Little boy: "Stand on my head for a ha'penny, marm?"

Old lady: "No, little boy; here is a penny for keeping right end upwards."

It was in Dublin city that a good-humoured maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvellous dream she had had the night before. "Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter, at its conclusion; "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense." "Indeed, I was not, then," replies the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

LOUIS XIV., playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont, happening to come in at that instant, "Decide the matter," said the king. "Sire," said the count, "your majesty is in the wrong." "How can you thus decide," asked the king, "without knowing the question?" "Because," said the count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your majesty."

COMFORT FOR THE RICH.—When the time drew nigh that the oxyhydrogen microscope should be shown at the Newcastle Polytechnic exhibition, one night, a poor woman took her seat in the lecture-room to witness the wonders that were for the first time to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon-net—other marvels were performed before the eyes of the venerable dame, who sat in silent astonishment, staring open-mouthed at the disc. But when at length a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar-tree, and confronted with its huge eye, she could hold no longer. "My goodness," she exclaimed, "a camel could get through that!—There's some hopes for the rich folks yet!"

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.—The Baroness de —, on returning the other day from a drive, was informed by her *femme de chambre* that an assistant at one of our large card-engravers had just brought a packet for her. The lady opened the packet, and found a hundred beautifully printed cards with the name of "M. Henri," surmounted by a baronial coronet, engraved upon them. "That is surely some mistake," said the baroness; "I have ordered no cards, and, besides, they bear a name totally unknown to me." "I can assure you there is no mistake on my part, madame," replied the young man; "I was told to bring them to the Baroness de —." On saying this

the young man left the house, and the lady was about to call him back, when her *femme de chambre*, who had up to that moment remained silent, said she thought the cards were for "M. Henri, madame's coachman!" "For Henri, my coachman!" exclaimed the lady, with surprise. "Eh bien! madame, because one is a domestic is that a reason why he should not have a card as well as his master or mistress?" "Oh!" replied the baroness, "I have no objection, but Henri might have left out the baronial coronet." "If madame puts it on his livery buttons," returned the *femme de chambre*, with a magisterial air, "how can madame object to his putting it on his card?" The ready answer was too much for the lady, who ended the dialogue with a hearty burst of laughter.

#### HOW IS MRS. MURPHY?

A native of the Emerald Isle found his way into the Health Office, and addressing the clerk, asked:

"Is this the Health Office?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir. Can I do anything for you?"

Emerald: "Yis. I would like you to tell me how Mrs. Murphy is getting on. The last time I heard from her she was suffering from the rheumatism."

Clerk: "I cannot tell you anything about her health."

Emerald: "Bad cess to ye, thin, why do you persist to kape a health office if ye can give no information?"

And without waiting for a reply he departed in high dudgeon.

A PERSON in a blouse leading a very fine bear, well muzzled, made his appearance at the railway station at Lyons a few days ago, and having paid for his own passage, claimed a place for the bear (which appeared very tame) at the lowest price charged for such animals. A few francs were paid, and a pasted ticket stuck on the bear, who, with the assistance of his master, was quietly placed in a large waggon, all to himself, the guard taking care to bolt the door. One of the officials hearing of this, and curious to see the animal, scrambled along the footboard, and raising the lamp looked in. He nearly fell from surprise. Bruin was sitting on his haunches. His chest was unbuttoned, displaying his waistcoat, while by his side stood a half-emptied bottle of *vin ordinaire*, and my gentleman himself was amusing himself by reading the newspaper. The unlucky travellers were brought before the authorities at the next station. The unhappy bear was fain to confess that, as he was desirous of making Lyons immediately, and had no money, save a few francs, to pay his passage, he had taken on himself this disguise in order to secure a cheap journey.

#### HIS TRADE.

A fellow being called as a witness in one of the courts, the judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse-chauter, my lord."

"A what? A horse-chauter? Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself."

"Vell, my lord, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and says I, 'Vell, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' see I. 'He's got the beautifullest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' see I. 'Only look at iz open nostrils—he got vind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never vonce think on't; them's the kind of legs what never fails.' Vell, this tickles the gen'man, and he says to himself, 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im and trots off. Vell, then I goes up to the man vot keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, 'Vell, vat are you going to stand for that ere chauter?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vell, that's vot I call 'orse-chauting, my lord. There's rare little harm in't; there's a good many sorts on us. Some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND LORD LYONS.—Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns, and also to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord Lyons, her Ambassador at Washington—a "bachelor," by the way—requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present his important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward. "May it please your excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your excellency. In it she informs your excellency that her son, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark." After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered

the letter to the President, and awaited his reply. It was short, simple, and expressive, and consisted simply of the words, "Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise." It is doubtful if an English Ambassador were ever addressed in this manner before, and it would be interesting to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to her Majesty.—*Personal Character of Abraham Lincoln*, by F. B. Carpenter.

VERY NATURAL.—Count Bismarck is said to be suffering from neuralgia in the left leg. Well he may be, considering his late enormous strides in the way of annexation.—*Punch*.

TELEGRAMS (FROM LEICESTER SQUARE).—The Statue is still here. He can't get off his horse until he has a new pair of legs; or, at all events, one leg to go on with.—*Punch*.

#### A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE.

West-End Man (addressing, as he supposes, Intelligent Mechanic): "Can you direct me to the Moorgate Street station?"

Sooty Party: "Mo'rgate Street station, sir? Straight on, sir, just turnin' t' the right, and it's just oppoosite. And now you've interdoosed the subject, sir, if you could assist me with a trifle, sir, which I've 'ad nothin' to eat since last Friday—"

[West-End Man not having an answer ready, forks out, and exits].—*Punch*.

THE BANK RATE.—Those who have so long patiently watched for a reduction of the bank rate, say that it is worth its "wait" in gold.—*Fun*.

A PRO FOR A JOKE.—When does a Greenwich pensioner make a jest of his misfortunes?—When he takes off his wooden leg.—*Fun*.

NOTES FOR QUERISTS.—Wide awake: Certainly if you throw your hat at a man the article necessarily becomes a project-tila.—*Fun*.

HON'T SORT.—Since Lord Derby's elevation to office he has had the disposal of a pair of Garters. This will enable him to clear off some of the obligation his party hose to its supporters.—*Fun*.

#### A FREAK OF NATURE.

Husband: "There, my dear, I've brought you a brace of partridges; just shot 'em."

Wife (inspecting them): "Well, John, it was time somebody did shoot them, for they were getting rather high."—*Fun*.

WEATHER FLATTERING.—In the new coinage now being struck at Berlin the king's head is surrounded by a laurel wreath—a decoration not to be found on Prussian coins since the days of Frederick the Great. This is a new sort of garlanding for the sort of head his Majesty possesses. All that is required now is a lemon in his mouth!—*Fun*.

"ROLEY POLY, GAMMON," &c.—The writer of a dramatic critique in the *Times*, the other day, had to make mention of a peculiar sort of pudding, familiar to the young, and consisting of jam concealed in a convolution of paste, somewhat in shape of a bolster. No doubt visions of the dear dish of his youth rose before the writer's eyes as he penned the sentence which referred to it, and his hand trembled with emotion. The result was possibly that his writing was not very legible at this point. When it came to be set up we can picture to ourselves a grave consultation of readers and compositors as to the orthography of the unusual word. Was it "roley poly," or "roley polye"? Much was to be said on both sides, no doubt. A said that the Frenchified form of bread one gets with breakfast is spelt "roll," but then B urged that as the word occurred in a dramatic notice, it was probably a theatrical rôle and should be so spelt. The result of the "poll" was equally undecided. It was urged by C, who was a voter, that "poll" should be set up, but D, who was of a domestic turn, argued the "pole" was the thing for a stir-about, and so why not for a pudding? It was finally decided that "roley poly" was correct, but we venture to question the decision. We should spell it "roley polye"—but then, after all, the proof of a pudding is in the eating.—*Fun*.

A TIGER KILLER.—Another tiger story is told as follows, in a letter from Ahmedabad:—"Lieutenant Seagrave, a promising officer, of extraordinary courage and sang froid, has gained the glorious title of 'Shikaree,' in consequence of having killed several tigers, panthers, and other beasts of prey in the forest of Guzerat. A few weeks since several gentlemen started with him on a hunting expedition. They killed, besides other carnivorous animals, three tigers, two of them 'man-eaters' (it is said that one of the two latter had devoured no less than seven men and one woman). Lieutenant Seagrave having learned that there was a tigress in the wood near Morass, eighty kilometres north of Ahmedabad, set out in pursuit of the animal. He found her, and at the moment she was about to spring on him he succeeded in lodging



a ball in her back. He pulled the trigger a second time, but the rifle missed fire, and he found himself alone and defenceless. However, full of courage in the face of the enemy, he did not lose his presence of mind, and rammed the barrel of the gun down the jaws of the tigress; but the beast, with one movement, wrenched the piece out of his hand, hurled it far away, and endeavoured to seize the brave lieutenant by the neck. He defended himself as well as he could with the left arm, which was soon mangled by the repeated strokes of the tigress's claws. Mr. Seagrave again freed himself from her grasp by planting a formidable blow on her muzzle, but she, returning to the charge, seized him by the back with one claw, and endeavoured to overthrow him, upon which the indomitable sportsman, standing at full stride to maintain his equilibrium, continued to defend himself with his left arm. At this moment of his heroic struggle the beaters arrived; one of them fired, and the beast fell; but she rose again to seize, wound, and overthrow the man who had put this second ball into her body. A third ball killed her. Mr. Seagrave is well."

### STATISTICS.

**STATISTICS OF LIFE AND DEATH.**—In the week that ended on Saturday, September 15th, the births registered in London and twelve other large towns of the United Kingdom were 4,261; the deaths registered, 8,099. The annual rate of mortality was 26 per 1,000 persons living. In London the births of 1,080 boys and 1,035 girls, in all 2,115 children, were registered in the week. In the corresponding weeks of ten years, 1856-65, the average number, corrected for increase of population, was 1,947. The deaths registered in London during the week were 1,371. It was the thirty-seventh week of the year, and the average number of deaths for that week is, with a correction for increase of population, 1,218. The deaths in the present return exceed the estimated number by 153. This number is exceeded by the deaths in the week from cholera. The first two weeks of September have hitherto been noted by cholera epidemics; in the first week of September, 1849, no less than 2,026 persons died of cholera, in the first week of September, 1854, the deaths by the same disease were 2,050. The deaths by cholera in the second week of the same years fell to 1,632 and 1,549. In 1866 we have been less unfortunate; the deaths sprang up with unexampled rapidity, threatening all London with devastation, and then suddenly, but decisively, subsided. The deaths by cholera in the first two weeks of September were 157 and 182; 132 and 110 persons died in the same weeks by diarrhoea. Of the deaths by cholera, 10 occurred in the West districts, 27 in the North, 20 in the Central, 77 in the East, and 48 in the South districts. To ensure its rapid decline, the utmost vigilance is required on the part of the people, the health officers, and the Board of Works. It is very desirable to know what proceedings have been taken by the authorities, not only in drawing up regulations, but in seeing to their execution. The health officers of London have supplied the Registrar-General with some information having an immediate practical bearing. The annual rate of mortality for the week ending the 15th ult., was 23 per 1,000 in London, 19 in Edinburgh, and 30 in Dublin; 18 in Bristol, 19 in Birmingham, 55 in Liverpool, 28 in Manchester, 26 in Salford, 22 in Sheffield, 29 in Leeds, 20 in Hull, 31 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and 26 in Glasgow. The rate in Vienna was 38 per 1,000 during the week ending the 8th ult., when the mean temperature was 61 deg. Fahrenheit higher than in the same week in London, where the rate was 23 per 1,000. The 513 deaths in Liverpool for the week ending the 15th ult. showed an increase of 20, and those referred to cholera, which in the three previous weeks had been 146, 225, and 145, but rose again the next week to 182, while the fatal cases of diarrhoea fell from 84 to 51. In Dublin the 181 deaths the same week 55 resulted from cholera; and in Vienna during the week ending the 8th ult. the fatal cases of this disease had increased from 64 in the previous week to 107.

The 7th Regiment of the National Guard of New York contemplate visiting Europe next year. It was this regiment which was chosen as the Guard of Honour to the Prince of Wales during his visit to New York. They twice marched over a thousand strong to the defence of the Union, and furnished over 250 officers for the army during the late war. An invitation signed by over 200 prominent Americans in Paris has been transmitted to New York, and all the necessary concessions have been obtained from the Imperial Government. As at present understood the regiment will leave New York early in May, land at Havre, and proceed to Paris. After sojourning

there some seventeen days they will come direct to London, where they will probably remain about ten days, after which they will leave for Southampton, there to embark for New York, in order to be at home by the 4th of July. It is supposed they will number 850 strong with the Engineer corps, besides an excellent band and drum corps—in all, with invited guests, about 1,050 officers and men.

### THE BROOK.

Purl on, thou little brook, as sweet  
As when those darling little feet  
Went paddling in thy wavelets, so  
They still more musical would flow  
And make a harmony that's known  
From child-companionship alone—

Purl on,  
Though now that she is lost to me,  
And I no music hear in thee,  
Yet those who never saw her eyes,  
The hope, the proof of paradise,  
Who never heard her voice that made  
Guilt from itself shrink back afraid  
Of its own awful essence, while  
She had for all an angel smile,  
In her full innocence—ah, those

Can still, thou little brook, in thee  
Take sweet and deep and long delight,  
Nor loathe the thine ancient minstrelsy—  
That minstrelsy whose charm has thrilled  
A thousand bards before  
Another race than theirs showed God  
Weaving new destinies in Time's great loom  
Upon this wondering shore.  
Nor loathe?—Thou brook, I do not loathe  
Thy fine old music, only feel  
That it can never over me  
In its old wonder steel—  
For she is gone, the darling child,  
Who gave such splendour to the wild,  
Such music that she caught from thee—  
Caught?—No!—she gave thy sweetest tone:  
It was from her thy charm alone—  
Ah, brook, for others sing—not me!

O. C.

### GEMS.

WHAT ought to be done to-day do it, for to-morrow it may rain.

THAT which makes man so discontented with his own condition is the false and exaggerated estimate he is apt to form of the happiness of others.

"It's a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said someone to an ancient philosopher, who replied, "It's a greater blessing still not to desire what one does not possess."

It is very strange no one will be contented to take experience at second hand. They must buy it for themselves, and sometimes pay very dear for it before they profit by its lessons.

He who, by his principles or practice, corrupts the manners and morals of the rising generation, will reap a terrible harvest of woe. Better for such a man if he had never been born.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

A few civil words will render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him. Let another man light his candle by your own, and yours loses none of its brilliancy by what his gains.

PATIENCE is a sublime virtue. The truest heroism in human life is that private heroism which bears with calmness inevitable ills, regardless of the consolations of a fruitless sympathy, and without the soothing consciousness of public attention.

If you would learn to bow, watch a mean man when he talks to a gentleman of wealth. A narrow-minded man can no more stand upright in the presence of a money-bag than he can throw a somersault over the moon.

If you have been once in company with an idle person, it is enough. You need never go again; you have heard all he knows. And he has had no opportunity of learning anything new; for idle people make no improvements.

**MISS BURDETT COUTTS'S BOUNTY.**—It is stated that, independently of what Miss Burdett Coutts gave in July, in August alone, by her instruction, between 1,840 and 1,850 meat-tickets were given, at a rate of 1s. each, about 500 lb. fine rice, 250 lb. to 260 lb. arrowroot, 50 lb. sage, and 50 lb. tapioca and also of the finest oatmeal; 20 gallons best beef tea, 25 gal-

lons brandy and 50 gallons of port-wine, 2 gallons raspberry vinegar, 30 lb. black-currant jelly, 70 to 80 quarts pure milk daily from Miss Coutts's farm; 400 yards flannel, above 200 made under-garments, 100 and odd blankets, &c. She always has three regular nurses, and has had for the cholera calamity five extra nurses, under the direction of a superior medical gentleman, and two sanitary inspectors; four distributors of disinfectants, who have used a ton of chloride of lime (all in August), besides a quantity of sulphate of iron, carbolic acid, &c. Her nurses have used in the sick-rooms many gallons of Burnett's and Condy's fluids and lavender-water. They always carry aromatic salts, essence of peppermint, spirits of camphor, &c. A large quantity of cholera mixture, chlorodyne, and aromatic confections were given. Her most humane and intelligent manager in Brick-lane has had made up, and sold at cost price to the poor, a great many beds, bolsters, pillows, rugs, sheets, and similar requisites. As regards minor things, mustard, ginger, spirits of turpentine, coals, and hot-water bottles, 80 to 120. Stimulants are only given by the nurses under such restrictions, in writing, by the doctor, as to prevent their abuse. All this is done in the most private way by a gentlemanwoman.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**TOMATOES AS A SWEETMEAT.**—Tomatoes may be used as a sweet preserve. When boiled with a pound of sugar to a pound of tomatoes for three-quarters of an hour, they make a very luscious jam, but do not keep well for more than three or four months. The juice of lemon may be added.

**TO CLEAN WHITE SATIN AND FLOWERED SILKS.**—Mix sifted stale bread crumbs with powder blue, and rub it thoroughly all over, then shake it well, and dust it well with clean soft cloths. Afterwards, where there are any gold or silver flowers, take a piece of crimson ingrain velvet, rub the flowers with it, which will restore them to their original lustre.

**TO PRESERVE TOMATOES.**—Gather the tomatoes perfectly ripe, free from cracks or bruises; wipe gently with a soft cloth, and place in a wide-mouthed jar; quite cover them with vinegar which has been boiled and allowed to stand till cold, then cover the jar with wetted bladder, and the tomatoes will keep perfectly fresh and good until those of the following season come in. The tomatoes preserved as above can be made as required into sauce by any cook. The peasantry in the south of France keep the tomatoes in this manner.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

LORD JOHN MANNERS has ordered the Castle walk at Windsor, lately closed against labouring people, to be reopened.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S Chapel at Windsor is being converted into a memorial chapel to the late Prince Consort, at the expense of the royal children.

MR. HERMAN GOLDSCHMIDT, the well-known astronomer, has recently died at Fontainebleau. Though only an amateur in the science, he had discovered fourteen telescopic planets, and his only instrument was a common opera-glass.

THE water of the pump in Bishopsgate Street, by Dunning's Alley, contains more organic and other volatile matter than any of the other public pumps, viz., 9.07 grains per gallon. That from the pump in Milton Street, Cripplegate, contains 8.34 grains.

M. ISIDORE PIERRE lately read, before the Academy of Sciences, a paper on the laying of corn. He suggests that silica should be supplied to the soil and then to the corn, so that the straw would be farther strengthened.

It is the comet of 1618, as in that which has a period of revolution of three years, Hevelius saw the nucleus lesson at the perihelion and enlarge at the aphelion of the comet. This remarkable phenomenon, which had long remained unheeded, has since been observed by Valz, at Nismes.

THE memorial to Prince Albert on the site of the Exhibition of 1851 is "progressing" as quickly as such works of art well can. The artists employed in designing and modelling the bronze entablatures of the base of the column, and whose studios have been frequently visited by the Queen, have very nearly completed their difficult tasks.

**TO MAKE AN EGG STAND ON END.**—Take an egg and shake it in the hand from five to ten minutes; by so doing you render the white more fluid, and the yolk sinks nearer to the end when the egg is set upright; and if it be then held up steadily until the yolk has time to displace the white, it may be made to stand upright on a dining-table or other smooth, level surface.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JAMES AUSTIN.**—Received with thanks.  
**MARY**, twenty, tall, dark, and domesticated.  
**NIL.**—See our answer to "Eleanor McDougal."  
**DESMOND SYTHMORE.**—Embonpoint, stout; *petite*, little.  
**HARRIET**, twenty-four, fair, rather tall, fond of home, and domesticated.  
**W. R.**—During the conversion of ice into water, 140 deg. of heat are absorbed.  
**T. G. C. and G. J. P.**—Letters from these correspondents have been duly received.  
**BLANCHET H.**—Refer to our replies to the questions of "Victoria Gail" in No. 176.  
**JAMES.**—Hanging criminals in chains was abolished as recently as 1835, in the reign of William IV.  
**B. U. C.**—The mean annual quantity of rain that falls at the equator is 96 in.  
**DAVIDS SOMERVILLE**, twenty-two, in business, and a sufficient income to keep a wife. Respondent must not be more than thirty, and of a loving disposition.  
**EACHART.**—The first member of the Hebrew persuasion knighted in England was Sir Moses Montefiore, by Queen Victoria in 1837.  
**BENJAMIN.**—The significance of "Boanerges" is "sons of thunder," a title given in Scripture to James and John for their zealous and indefatigable preaching.  
**MACCAH.** a housekeeper, with a salary of 40*l.* a year, twenty-two, fair, 5 ft. in height, curly hair, and considered good looking.  
**T. BOWEN.**—You have not enclosed the necessary postage-stamps; by so doing, to the publisher, the number or numbers will be immediately forwarded to your address.  
**CHARLES STANWOOD**, twenty, 5 ft. 8 in., in height, in a good situation, and 250*l.* to start in business with. Respondent must be good looking, and about 5 ft. 6 in. in height.  
**CLARE C.**—We have so frequently given the recipe asked for, that we must refer our correspondent to Nos. 52 and 55 of THE LONDON READER.  
**WILL**, twenty-one, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, sober and temperate habits, and in receipt of 100*l.* per annum. Respondent must be of medium height, and fair.  
**PHOTOGRAPHER.**—The Daguerrotype process was first made public in France in the year 1839, and a life pension of 6,000*l.* was granted to the inventor, M. Daguerre.  
**CHIDRELLA**, twenty, fair, short and stout, good tempered, a tolerable housekeeper, and very fond of reading. A respondent intending to emigrate would be preferred.  
**THOMAS.**—Prussia is a modern monarchy. The first king was the Elector Frederick III. of Brandenburg, who crowned himself and his consort at Königsberg in the year 1701.  
**SIR MORTON MORDAUNT.**—Charles Lamb, the author of the delightful essays of *Elia*, died at Edmonton in the year 1837.  
**SAILOR.**—The great Lord Nelson was killed at the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, and was buried beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, January 9, 1806.  
**D. F. Y.**—The comet of 1811 requires a period of 3,065 years to accomplish its journey; Encke assigns a period of upwards of 8,600 years to the one of 1860.  
**Y. N.**, thirty-nine, with a business sufficient to maintain herself, but alone in the world. Respondent must be a Christian, and from forty to fifty; a widower with one child not objected to.  
**POLITICUS.**—Quakers, as Quakers, were first admitted into Parliament in 1833, Mr. Pease, having been elected, being allowed to take his seat on making an affirmation instead of an oath.  
**MAUD and MINNIE.**—"Maud," nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, very good looking, and ladylike. "Minnie," hazel eyes, golden hair, and very pretty; both are accomplished. Respondents must be well educated and gentlemanly.  
**MARYANN.**—Though common salt, when mixed with animal substances in large proportions, arrests decomposition, when used in small quantities it considerably accelerates putrefaction.  
**C. B.**, a widower, forty-three, tall, with a daughter thirteen. Respondent must be about thirty-four. "C. B." has a good business as a corn factor, and a nice home, of which he is very fond.  
**LAURA and LILY.**—"Laura," fair, auburn hair, blue eyes, and of medium height. "Lily," fair, brown eyes and brown hair, medium height, fond of home, and domesticated. Dark gentlemen preferred.  
**HISTORICAL.**—The first Elector of Hanover was Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, who was so created in 1692. This prince marrying the grand-daughter of James I. of England, at the death of Queen Anne, his descendant, the

Electors, George I., in 1714, became King of England. In 1815, Hanover was created a kingdom, George III. being the last king. The last king, so lately deposed by Prussia, is George VI., son of the late Duke of Cumberland, our Queen's uncle, who succeeded to the throne of Hanover because by the Salic law, which then obtained, Victoria could not as a female succeed her uncle, William IV., in that portion of his inheritance.

**ERIE**, eighteen, tall, fair, pretty, and accomplished. Respondent must be tall, dark, not more than twenty-four, good tempered, and of a respectable family; a clerk preferred.

**ELMER.**—To make cold cream: Procure 1 lb. of oil of almonds, melt and pour it into a mortar, add slowly one pint of rose water. It is an excellent unguent to soften the skin and prevent its chapping.

**C. WOLZ**, twenty, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, fair, a good business, and only wants a nice young lady to make him happy. She must not be either dark or fair, but between the two, and a good temper. "C. W." has rather a short temper.

**A WIDOW.**—To get a boy on the foundation of the Charter House School requires great interest, there being only five or six vacancies annually; but there are a vast number of scholars who pay from 40*l.* to 80*l.* per year.

**FRANK MARTIN.**—Bojesmans, or "Bushmen," is the designation applied by the Dutch colonists at the Cape of Good Hope to a nomadic people in the north; they neither rear cattle, nor have tribal distinctions like the Hottentots.

**F. D.**, nineteen, 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, steady habits, and holding a government appointment. Respondent must be short, with light hair and nice eyes, but must not object to a twelvemonth's courtship, if required.

**YOUNG SCULPTOR.**—The *Venus of Praxiteles*, which was discovered in 1820, and is supposed to be the finest piece of sculpture cut in the world, was modelled from the form of Phryne, the courtesan.

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST?

Where are you going so fast, young man?

Where are you going so fast,

With a cup in your hand, a flash on your brow?

Though pleasure and fun may accompany you now,

It tells of a sorrow to come by-and-by;

It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh;

It tells of a shame at last, young man—

A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man?

Where are you going so fast?

The flash of that wine there is only a bait,

A curse lies beneath, that you'll find when too late;

A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup—

A monster is there that will swallow you up,

And sorrow you'll find, at last, young man—

In wine there's a sorrow at last.

There's a gulf across your path, young man—

A fatuousness gulf in your path,

That sparkles with fire which evermore burns,

And whoever enters can never return;

On fiery billows for ever is tossed,

And eternal misery will sum up the cost.

Made up from vials of wrath, young man—

Vials of bitterest wrath.

Sorrow you'll find in that cup, young man,

Sorrow and shame in that cup;

A giant lurks in that bright sparkle and foam,

To rob you of manhood, of friends, and of home;

To make you a brute, and to rob you of peace;

To bind you in a web with no chance of release,

Of life, if you drink it up, young man—

Of life, if you drink it up.

A. K.

**ERASMUS.**—Claude Villaret was for some time an actor, but quitted the stage for a literary career. His chief works were a *History of France*, a *Treatise on the Dramatic Art*, and a *tract on the Wit of Voltaire*.

**Y. Y. Y.**, twenty-three, 5 ft. 3 in., dark brown hair and eyes, good tempered, and with an income of 150*l.* per annum. Respondent must be from eighteen to twenty-five, 5 ft. 3 in., good looking, accomplished, and with about 300*l.* a year.

**A STUDENT.**—The noise produced by various insects does not proceed from the mouth, as they do not breathe through that organ. It is caused either by the quick vibration of the wings, or by beating on their bodies, or some hard substance, with their mandibles or feet.

**CLARA**, twenty, not very tall, but ladylike, well educated, but, for all that, can make herself equally at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room. Music is the light of her heart. "Clara" is, moreover, very respectable, her father having been in the cotton-spinning business for the last twenty years.

**ELEANOR MCDUGAL.**—If you have not patience to let nature take her own course, you will find the following a good lotion to apply to black spots on the face:—Rose water, three ounces; sulphate of zinc, one drachm. Mix, and having wetted the face with it, gently dry it, and then touch it over with cold cream, which also dry gently off.

**LIZZIE.**—Goose-quills when first pinched are soft and tough. To prepare them for pens they are first dried in hot sand, which shrinks the outer skin and the inner pith. They are then dipped in a hot solution of alum, or in diluted nitric acid, which hardens them.

**VERT PAINFUL.**—We can offer you no better advice than that which was given you by your medical man. Have patience, and by temperance, good living, and healthy exercise, short of fatigue, endeavour to raise the tone of your general health, but remember all warm applications are injurious.

**W. H. T.**, twenty-two, medium height, dark hair, gray eyes; organist of a small country church, income 80*l.* per annum. Respondent must be from eighteen to twenty, dark hair and eyes, a cheerful disposition, fond of home, and with a slight knowledge of music.

**MR. EDITOR.**—You may inform your readers that a solution of sal-ammonia and water is one of the best, safest, and surest remedies for snake, spider, mad dog, or any other poisonous bite or sting, and, if applied soon, no trouble can ensue. Do any of your readers comprehend the great value of the mad stone? I was bitten by a mad dog some twelve

years ago, and went to a mad stone, and have had no trouble since. I have got a mad stone that will cure a bee sting while one can hold his breath. The mad stone is got in that part of a deer called the rump, and the size is in proportion to the age of the animal. I learned this fact while journeying with the Indians on the plains, and my object in giving it to the public is to save suffering, without cost.—J. S.

**COSMOPOLITE**, twenty-seven. Respondent must be under twenty-two, tall, handsome, highly accomplished, with a small income, and a cheerful and loving disposition.—(If prepared to give an equivalent for the labour, you will find no difficulty in securing a person competent to the task you name.)

**GEORGE.**—Of petroleum the total product of the United States, in 1865, exceeded two millions of barrels, allowing forty-five gallons to each barrel. All this, with the exception of less than 120,000 barrels, was the product of Western Pennsylvania. Thus far this year the foreign exports of petroleum amount to more than 34,500,000 gallons.

**BAKER.**—You are wrong, and have lost your wager. Surely you should know that biscuits are made by steam machinery at Dockhead. One of these machines will, and does, turn out 500 biscuits a minute, which is at the rate of 30,000 the hour, or more than a quarter of a million per diem, or a million and a half per week, and this it does from one year's end to another.

**GEORGE.**—Certainly. It was Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, who displayed a broom at the mast-head, as an indication that he had swept the seas of the English fleet. This occurred in the English Channel, and at the mouth of the Thames, in November, 1652, after his victory over Blake; in the following February, however, Blake retrieved the national honour by defeating Van Tromp off Portland.

**HANDWRITING.**—"Lonely One." Too careless—"Maple." A good bold hand for a lady. (Hair, pure golden)—"Maria Louise." Very neat and pretty.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

**FELIX** is responded to by—"May Wenlock," who would like to hear farther from him.

**A. D.** (Royal Navy) by—"Josephine," nineteen, dark hair and eyes, well educated, affectionate, and thoroughly domesticated.

**E. G.** by—"Claudine Rose," eighteen, fair, golden hair, affectionate, musical, and with a tall and well-rounded figure.

**JUVENIS** by—"A. M. M.," seventeen, fair, brown hair, gray eyes, and very affectionate.

**SINCERITY** by—"Nellie," nineteen, fair, graceful, tall, pretty, ladylike, small features, pearly teeth, brown curly hair, blue eyes, and good tempered.

**ALPHONSO** by—"Eugenia," seventeen, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, brown wavy hair, hazel eyes, fresh complexion, good looking, and in expectancy of 200*l.* a year at the death of her grandmother; and—"E. E. C.," medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair, no fortune, but thoroughly domesticated.

**WALTER** (the widower) by—"Ina S.," a respectable widow, who can thoroughly appreciate his kind and affectionate heart; who has one daughter, aged thirteen—"Alice," a widow, forty-two, without encumbrance, domesticated, and fond of home—"E. A. S. H.," who thinks she could make him an affectionate and good wife, feeling very lonely, as her husband died four years ago, and having no children of her own, would make an affectionate mother to his child—

"M. L.," a widow, thirty-two, with one child, in pretty good circumstances, rather nice looking, and of a kind and loving disposition—"Minnie," thirty-eight, who lost her husband twelvemonths ago; and—"Michaelmas Daisy," thirty-eight, tall and slight, brown hair, violet eyes, nice looking, very clever, and has travelled all over Europe and many other parts, warm hearted and affectionate, and "Michaelmas Daisy" adds, with reference to Warwick's daughter, that she likes girls better than boys, and would not object to become a step-mother.

**LOVELY ONE** by—"Fitzhugh de Montmore," thirty-five, a retired captain in the army, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, fair, blue eyes, and in possession of 500*l.* from a small patrimonial estate.

**M. A. W.** by—"Reginald," twenty-six, tall, dark, good looking, and with an allowance of about 700*l.* per annum.

**ROSE or VIOLET** by—"Frank W.," twenty-one, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, light hair, and blue eyes—"Violet," also by—"Stevens," 5 ft. 10 in. in height, good looking, an engineer, in a very good situation, and has received a first-class education (abroad).

**LILLIE** by—"C. W.," nineteen, tall, dark hair, passionately fond of music, and an income of 200*l.* a year at twenty-one.

**ELIAS** by—"Julien," who possesses all the attributes she requires, except that of being handsome.

**DAISY** by—"A. A. A.," dark, good looking, above the medium height, excellent prospects, and fond of music.

**ANNIE** by—"J. S.," twenty-three, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark hair, good prospects, and well educated.

**ELIZA M.** by—"W. A. D.," seventeen, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, good looking, an engineer, and on attaining his majority will have an income of 150*l.*

**FLORE** by—"J. J. W.," twenty-one, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark brown hair, a surgeon's assistant, but expects to succeed the surgeon (his uncle) in his practice; and—"A. B. C."

**MARY C.** by—"A. Widdow," twenty-eight, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, considered nice looking, steady, and in a regular situation of more than 30*l.* weekly; no children; and—"Wolverhampton," twenty-five, tall, fair, good looking, of highly respectable parents, and a partner in a lucrative manufacturing concern.

**PART XLII.** FOR OCTOBER, IS NOW READY. PRICE 6*d.*  
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 Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. VI. Price ONE PENNY.

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 If we cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BRADEN'S HOUSEHOLD TEA**, 8s. Pleasant flavour, abundant strength; 6lb. case, 18s., carriage free to all England.—**ALEXANDER BRADEN**, 13, High Street, Islington, London.

**WHY GIVE MORE?**—Excellent TEAS, black, green, and mixed, are now ON SALE, for family use, at 2s. 4d. per lb. at **NEWSOM and CO'S**. Original Tea Warehouse, 50, Borough. Established A.D. 1745.

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**FRY'S HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA**, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious properties of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard article of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is equally adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**J. S. FRY and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Prize Medal, 1862.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS**.—The causes of dysentery in hot climates and diarrhoea in our own country may be safely counteracted by the purifying agency of these well-known pills. Within these few years the chance of escape from a dangerous disease was only by taking dangerous remedies; now the malady is dispelled by general purification of the blood, and its regenerating influence over every organ. Thus the very means for overcoming the sighing, vomiting, cramps, and straining include the elements of new strength. Holloway's Pills are admirable tonics and astringents, and can be confidently relied upon. Whatever may have immediately given rise to the irritation of the bowels, these pills soothe the irritated membranes and repress the excessive excitability of the intestines.

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THE OLD ESTABLISHED  
**DENTISTS**

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Liverpool, 134, Duke-street; Birmingham, 65, New-street.  
Complete Sets, 4 to 7 and 10 to 14 guineas

**RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUME, CUPID'S TEARS**, in a pretty moire-antique box, 3s. 6d.—**E. RIMMEL**, 96, Strand, 128, Regent Street, and 24, Cornhill, London. Just published, "Rimmel's Book of Perfume," with above 250 illustrations. Price 5s. Sent by post for 68 stamps.

**PROFESSOR STANLEY**, Hair Cutter and Hair Dyer, 46, Blackfriars Road, S. (12 doors from the Railway Station). Hair Cut and Brushed by Machinery, 3d.; Cut, Shampooed (with hot and cold showers), and Brushed by Machinery, 6d. No business on Sundays.

**POWNCYBY'S FRENCH BRANDY**, at 4s. 6d. per bottle, is confidently recommended. Dr. Haassal's report: "The French brandies sold by Mr. Pownceby are a pure grape spirit, and valuable for medicinal purposes."—**S. POWNCYBY**, 19, Ernest Street, Albany Street, N.W. Samples forwarded.

**CADIZ, OPORTO, and LIGHT WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited)**.—Capital, £150,000.—West-end Depot, 494, Strand. Sample bottles of the following WINES, direct from Vineyards: Dinner Sherry, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Household Port, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Club Sherry, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d. Club Port, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d.

**COLMAN'S PRIZE MEDAL MUSTARD** bears their trade mark, the Bull's Head, on each package. It is the only mustard which obtained a Prize Medal at the Great Exhibition, 1862; their "genuine" and "double superfine" are the qualities particularly recommended for family use. Retail in every town throughout the United Kingdom.—**J. and J. COLMAN**, 26, Cannon Street, London.

**CAUTION**.—**COCKS'S** celebrated **READING SAUCE**, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Soups, Gravies, Hot and Cold Meats, unrivalled for general use, sold by all respectable Dealers in Sauces. Is manufactured only by the Executors of the Sole Proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke Street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

**TWO THOUSAND BEST SILVER WATCHES**, 25s. each; 500 gold ditto, 55s. each, all warranted; 1,000 Solid Gold Guard Chains and Albert Chains, 16s. 6d. each; Gold Gem Rings and Signet ditto, 4s. each; 1,500 Solid Gold Scarf Pins, 5s. 6d. each; Gold Brooches, Earrings, Studs, and every kind of Jewellery, at a similar reduction. Country orders, per remittances, carefully attended to.—**George Dyer**, 90, Regent Street, London.

**WATCHES and CLOCKS**.—**FREDO. HAWLEY** (Successor to Thomas Hawley), many years Watchmaker, by special appointment, to his late Majesty George IV., invites inspection of his carefully-finished Stock, at 148, Regent Street, W. Elegant Gold watches, £2 15s. to £35; Silver Watches, £1 5s. to £12 12s. Eight-day Timepieces, 12s. 6d. Clocks, striking hours and half-hours, £2 15s. and upwards.—**FREDERICK HAWLEY**, Watchmaker, 148, Regent Street, W. (from the Strand and Coventry Street). Established nearly a century. Merchants and Shippers supplied.

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**MR. HARTY**, Surgeon-Dentist, by a new Process REPLACES TEETH in the mouth without any pain or inconvenience to the patient. He is only to be consulted at his residence, 41, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square. Painless extraction if required. Moderate charges.

**LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND**.—Chairman in London—**Sir WM. DUNBAR**, of Mochrum, Bart., M.P.

While affording all the advantages and facilities usual with other Offices, this institution possesses special and attractive features peculiar to itself; and during the twenty-six years of its operations it has largely contributed to the extension of Life Assurance throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

The system and regulations have been framed, and from time to time improved, so as to secure to the policyholders not only the utmost value for their payments, but especially the following:

As small present outlay as possible.  
No Responsibility, whether of Partnership or Mutual Assurance.

No liability to Forfeiture, or so little that only gross carelessness can affect the policy.

A liberal return to the policy-holder, if he desire to relinquish his policy; or,

The loan of a sum nearly equal to its office value without cancelling the policy.

The eminent usefulness of the institution is apparent from its having paid policies on deceased lives amounting, during last year alone, to

**NINETY THOUSAND POUNDS.**

One whole Year's Ranking for Profits over all later entrants will be secured by Assuring before 5th April.

**THOS. FRASER**, Resident Secretary.  
London (Chief Office), 20, King William Street, City; (West End Office), 48, Pall Mall, S.W.

**CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY**, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.—Established 1824.

**FINANCIAL RESULTS OF THE SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.**  
The annual income exceeds ... .. £201,000  
The Assurance Fund safely invested, is over ... .. 1,446,000

The New Policies in the last year were 466, assuring ... .. 271,440

The Bonus added to Policies at the last division was ... .. 275,077

The total claims by death paid amount to 1,962,629

The following are among the distinctive features of the society:

**Credit System**.—On any policy for the whole of life, where the age does not exceed 60, one-half of the annual premiums during the first five years may remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the policy, or be paid off at any time.

**Low Rates of Premium for Young Lives**, with early participation in profits.

**Endowment Assurances** may be effected, without profits, by which the sum assured becomes payable on the attainment of a specified age, or at death, whichever event shall first happen.

**Invalid Lives** may be assured at rates proportioned to the increased risk.

**Prompt Settlement of Claims**.—Claims paid thirty days after proof of death.

**The Reversionary Bonus at the Quinquennial Division** in 1862 averaged 48 per cent., and the Cash Bonus 28 per cent. on the premiums paid in the five years.

The next Division of Profits will take place in January, 1867, and persons who effect new policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that division to one year's additional share of profits over later entrants.

Tables of rates and forms of proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's agents, or of

**GEORGE CUTCLIFFE**, Actuary and Secretary.  
13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

**THE LAND SECURITIES COMPANY (Limited)**.

The Company ISSUE MORTGAGE DEBENTURES, bearing 4½ per cent interest, payable half-yearly, at the Bankers of the Company in London, or at such Country Bankers as may be arranged with the holders, payable at such periods and for such amounts as may suit investors. The aggregate amount of the debentures at any time issued is strictly limited to the total amount of the moneys for the time being, secured to the Company by carefully selected mortgages, of which a register is kept at the Company's Chief Office, open to inspection by debenture-holders. The holders have, moreover, the security of the large uncalled capital of the Company, which amounts at present to £900,000. These debentures, therefore, combining the advantages of a good mortgage with ready convertibility, will be found a perfectly safe and convenient investment.

The Company accept money on deposit in the smallest or largest sums, at interest, in anticipation of investment in the mortgage debentures, and they undertake the negotiation of special investments, to suit exceptional circumstances.

Apply to the Managing Director, Land Securities Company, No. 32, Charing Cross, S.W.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JAMES AUSTIN**—Received with thanks.

**MARY**, twenty, tall, dark, and domesticated.

**NIL**—See our answer to "Eleanor McDougal."

**DESMOND STIMMONS**—Embroider, stout; petite, little.

**HARRIET**, twenty-four, fair, rather tall, fond of home, and domesticated.

**W. B.**—During the conversion of ice into water, 140 deg. of heat are absorbed.

**T. G. C. and G. J. P.**—Letters from these correspondents have been duly received.

**BLANCHÉ H.**—Refer to our replies to the questions of "Victoria Galt" in No. 176.

**JAMES**—Hanging criminals in chains was abolished as recently as 1835, in the reign of William IV.

**B. U. C.**—The mean annual quantity of rain that falls at the equator is 96 in.

**DAVIDS SOMERVILLE**, twenty-two, in business, and a sufficient income to keep a wife. Respondent must not be more than twenty, and be of a loving disposition.

**RACHAEL**—The first member of the Hebrew persuasion knighted in England was Sir Moses Montefiore, by Queen Victoria in 1837.

**BENJAMIN**—The signification of "Boanerges" is "sons of thunder," a title given in Scripture to James and John for their zealous and indefatigable preaching.

**MACCAY**, a housekeeper, with a salary of 40*l.* a year, twenty-two, fair, 5 ft. in height, curly hair, and considered good looking.

**T. BOWEN**—You have not enclosed the necessary postage-stamps; by so doing, to the publisher, the number or numbers will be immediately forwarded to your address.

**CHARLES STANWOOD**, twenty, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, in a good situation, and 250*l.* to start in business with. Respondent must be good looking, and about 5 ft. 6 in. in height.

**CLARA C.**—We have so frequently given the recipe asked for, that we must refer your correspondent to Nos. 53 and 55 of THE LONDON READER.

**WILL**, twenty-one, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, sober and temperate habits, and in receipt of 100*l.* per annum. Respondent must be of medium height, and fair.

**ENOTROPHIA**—The Daguerreotype process was first made public in France in the year 1839, and a life pension of 6,000*fr.* was granted to the inventor, M. Daguerre.

**ONDERELLA**, twenty, fair, short and stout, good tempered, a tolerable housekeeper, and very fond of reading. A respondent intending to emigrate would be preferred.

**THOMAS**—Prussia is a modern monarchy. The first king was the Elector Frederick III. of Brandenburg, who crowned himself and his consort at Königsberg in the year 1701.

**SIR MORTON MORDECAI**—Charles Lamb, the author of the delightful essays of Elia, died at Edmonton in the year 1837.

**SAILOR**—The great Lord Nelson was killed at the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, and was buried beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, January 9, 1806.

**D. F. Y.**—The comet of 1811 requires a period of 3,065 years to accomplish its journey; Encke assigns a period of upwards of 8,800 years to the one of 1860.

**Y. N.**, thirty-nine, with a business sufficient to maintain herself, but alone in the world. Respondent must be a Christian, and from forty to fifty; a widower with one child not objected to.

**POLITICS**—Quakers, as Quakers, were first admitted into Parliament in 1833, Mr. Pease, having been elected, being allowed to take his seat on making an affirmation instead of an oath.

**MAUD and MINNIE**—"Maud," nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, very good looking, and ladylike. "Minnie," hazel eyes, golden hair, and very pretty; both are accomplished. Respondents must be well educated and gentlemanly.

**MARTYNN**—Though common salt, when mixed with animal substances in large proportions, arrests decomposition, when used in small quantities it considerably accelerates putrefaction.

**C. B.**, a widower, forty-three, tall, with a daughter thirteen. Respondent must be about thirty-four. "C. B." has a good business as a corn factor, and a nice home, of which he is very fond.

**LAURA and LILY**—"Laura," fair, Auburn hair, blue eyes, and of medium height. "Lily," fair, brown eyes and brown hair, medium height, fond of home, and domesticated. Dark gentlemen preferred.

**HISTORICS**—The first Elector of Hanover was Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, who was so created in 1692. This prince marrying the grand-daughter of James I. of England, at the death of Queen Anne, his descendant, the

Electors, George I., in 1714, became King of England. In 1815, Hanover was created a kingdom, George III. being the first king. The last king, so lately deposed by Prussia, is George VI., son of the late Duke of Cumberland, our Queen's uncle, who succeeded to the throne of Hanover because by the Salic law, which then obtained, Victoria could not as a female succeed her uncle, William IV., in that portion of his inheritance.

**ERVIE**, eighteen, tall, fair, pretty, and accomplished. Respondent must be tall, dark, not more than twenty-four, good tempered, and of a respectable family; a clerk preferred.

**ELLEN**—To make cold cream: Procure 1 lb. of oil of almonds, melt, and pour it into a mortar, add slowly one pint of rose water. It is an excellent unguent to soften the skin and prevent its chapping.

**C. WOLFE**, twenty, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, fair, a good business, and only wants a nice young lady to make him happy. She must not be either dark or fair, but between the two, and a good temper. "C. W." has rather a short temper.

**A WIDOW**—To get a boy on the foundation of the Charter House School requires great interest, there being only five or six vacancies annually; but there are a vast number of scholars who pay from 40*l.* to 80*l.* per year.

**FRANK MARTEL**—Boesmans, or "Bushmen," is the designation applied by the Dutch colonists at the Cape of Good Hope to a nomadic people in the north; they neither rear cattle, nor have tribal distinctions like the Hottentots.

**F. D.**, nineteen, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, light hair, steady habits, and holding a government appointment. Respondent must be short, with light hair and nice eyes, but must not object to a twelvemonth's courtship, if required.

**YOUNG SCULPTOR**—The Venus of Praxiteles, which was discovered in 1820, and is supposed to be the finest piece of sculpture cut in the world, was modelled from the form of Phryne, the courtesan.

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST?

Where are you going so fast, young man?

Where are you going so fast,

With a cup in your hand, a flush on your brow?

Though pleasure and fun may accompany you now,

It tells of a sorrow to come by-and-by;

It tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh;

It tells of a shame at last, young man—

A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man?

Where are you going so fast?

The flash of that wine there is only a bait,

A curse lies beneath, that you'll find when too late;

A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup—

A monster is there that will swallow you up,

And sorrow you'll find, at last, young man—

In wine there's a sorrow at last.

There's a gulf across your path, young man—

A fathomless gulf in your path,

That sparkles with fire, which evermore burns,

And whoever enters can never return;

On fiery billows for ever is tossed,

And eternal misery will sum up the cost,

Made up from vials of wrath, young man—

Vials of bitterest wrath.

Sorrow you'll find in that cup, young man,

Sorrow and shame in that cup;

A giant lurks in that bright sparkle and foam,

To rob you of manhood, of friends, and of home;

To make you a brute, and to rob you of peace;

To bind you in chains with no chance of release,

Of life, if you drink it up, young man—

Of life, if you drink it up.

A. K.

**ERASMUS**—Claude Villaret was for some time an actor, but quitted the stage for a literary career. His chief works were a History of France, a Treatise on the Dramatic Art, and a tract on the Wit of Voltaire.

**Y. Y. Y.**, twenty-three, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark brown hair and eyes, good tempered, steady, and with an income of 130*l.* per annum. Respondent must be from eighteen to twenty-five, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, good looking, accomplished, and with about 300*l.* a year.

**A STUDENT**—The noise produced by various insects does not proceed from the mouth, as they do not breathe through that organ. It is caused either by the quick vibration of the wings, or by beating on their bodies, or some hard substance, with their mandibles or feet.

**CLARA**, twenty, not very tall, but ladylike, well educated, but, for all that, can make herself equally at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room. Music is the light of her heart. "Clara" is, moreover, very respectable, her father having been in the cotton-spinning business for the last twenty years.

**ELEANOR MCDUGAL**—If you have not patience to let nature take her own course, you will find the following a good lotion to apply to black spots on the face:—Rose water, three ounces; sulphate of zinc, one drachm. Mix, and having wetted the face with it, gently dry it, and then touch it over with cold cream, which also dry gently off.

**LIZZIE**—Goose-quills when first plucked are soft and tough. To prepare them for pens they are first dried in hot sand, which shrivels the outer skin and the inner pith. They are then dipped in a hot solution of alum, or in diluted nitric acid, which hardens them.

**VERY PAINFUL**—We can offer you no better advice than that which was given you by your medical man. Have patience, and by temperance, good living, and healthy exercise, short of fatigue, endeavour to raise the tone of your general health, but remember all warm applications are injurious.

**W. H. T.**, twenty-two, medium height, dark hair, gray eyes; organist of a small country church, income 80*l.* per annum. Respondent must be from eighteen to twenty, dark hair and eyes, a cheerful disposition, fond of home, and with a slight knowledge of music.

**MR. EDITOR**—You may inform your readers that a solution of sal-ammonia and water is one of the best, safest, and surest remedies for snake, spider, mad dog, or any other poisonous bite or sting, and, if applied soon, no trouble can ensue. Do any of your readers comprehend the great value of the mad stone? I was bitten by a mad dog some twelve

years ago, and went to a mad stone, and have had no trouble since. I have got a mad stone that will cure a bee sting while one can hold his breath. The mad stone is got in that part of a deer called the rump, and the size is in proportion to the age of the animal. I learned this fact while sojourning with the Indians on the plains, and my object in giving it to the public is to save suffering, without cost.—J. S.

**COSMOPOLITE**, twenty-seven. Respondent must be under twenty-two, tall, handsome, highly accomplished, with a small income, and a cheerful and loving disposition.—(If prepared to give an equivalent for the labour, you will find no difficulty in securing a person competent to the task you name.)

**GEORGE**—Of petroleum the total product of the United States, in 1865, exceeded two millions of barrels, allowing forty-five gallons to each barrel. All this, with the exception of less than 120,000 barrels, was the product of Western Pennsylvania. Thus far this year the foreign exports of petroleum amount to more than 34,500,000 gallons.

**BAKER**—You are wrong, and have lost your wager. Surely you should know that biscuits are made by steam machinery at Dockhead. One of these machines will, and does, turn out 600 biscuits a minute, which is at the rate of 30,000 the hour, or more than a quarter of a million per diem, or a million and a half per week, and this it does from one year's end to another.

**GEORGE**—Certainly. It was Van Tromp, the Dutch admiral, who displayed a broom at the mast-head, as an indication that he had swept the seas of the English fleet. This occurred in the English Channel, and at the mouth of the Thames, in November, 1652, after his victory over Blake; in the following February, however, Blake retrieved the national honour by defeating Van Tromp off Portland.

**HANDWRITING**—"Lonely One": "Too careless"—"Maple": "A good bold hand for a lady. (Hair, pure golden)—"Maria Louise": "Very neat and pretty."

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

**FELIX** is responded to by—"May Wenlock," who would like to hear farther from him.

**A. D.** (Royal Navy) by—"Josephine," nineteen, dark hair and eyes, well educated, affectionate, and thoroughly domesticated.

**E. G.** by—"Claudine Rose," eighteen, fair, golden hair, affectionate, musical, and with a tall and well-rounded figure.

**JUVENIS** by—"A. M. M.," seventeen, fair, brown hair, gray eyes, and very affectionate.

**SINCERITY** by—"Nellie," nineteen, fair, graceful, tall, pretty, ladylike, small features, pearly teeth, brown curly hair, blue eyes, and good tempered.

**ALFONSO** by—"Eugenia," seventeen, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, brown wavy hair, hazel eyes, fresh complexion, good looking, and in expectancy of 200*l.* a year at the death of her grandmother; and—"E. E. C.," medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair, no fortune, but thoroughly domesticated.

**WARWICK** (the widower) by—"Ina S.," a respectable widow, who can thoroughly appreciate his kind and affectionate heart; she has one daughter, aged thirteen—"Alice," a widow, forty-two, without encumbrance, domesticated, and fond of home—"E. A. S. H.," who thinks she could make him an affectionate and good wife, feeling very lonely, as her husband died four years ago, and having no children of her own, would make an affectionate mother to his child—"M. L.," a widow, thirty-two, with one child, in pretty good circumstances, rather nice looking and of a kind and loving disposition—"Minnie," thirty-eight, who lost her husband twelvemonths ago; and—"Michaelmas Daisy," thirty-eight, tall and slight, brown hair, violet eyes, nice looking, very clever, and has travelled all over Europe and many other parts, warm hearted and affectionate, and "Michaelmas Daisy" adds, with reference to Warwick's daughter, that she likes girls better than boys, and would not object to become a step-mother.

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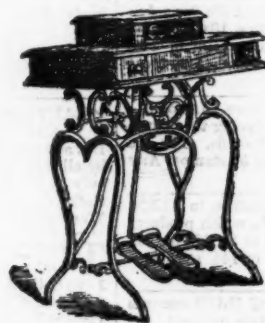
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